THE AMERICAN WEST

Special
Indian Issue

HUFFMAN PICTURES, MILES CITY, MONTANA

Like children everywhere, the six-year-old Cheyenne girl above—portrayed by frontier photographer L. A. Huffman in about 1880—owned and loved a doll. Another Plains Indian doll appears on the cover of this issue. The treasured plaything of a Sioux child about one hundred years ago, it now resides in the collection of the new Plains Indian Museum at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center. Crafted from deerhide, the doll has real human hair and is decorated with a hairpipe necklace and beaded yoke, belt, leggings, and moccasins. Indian women spent many hours fashioning such intricately dressed dolls for their children; today these charming little figures not only document the rich Plains Indian culture but remind us of the universal joys of childhood.

For a further sampling of objects from the recently completed Plains Indian Museum (which will be dedicated on June 14), turn to page 20 of this issue.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY SHERI I. HOEM

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

WHEN AN UNKNOWN PHOTOGRAPHER pictured these Indians gazing across the thundering waters of Celilo Falls in the late nineteenth century, the locale had been a key fishing site and center of commerce for Columbia River tribes for unnumbered generations. But the Northwest Indians' perpetual right to the use of the falls for netting migrating salmon ended in 1957, when the site was drowned in the backwaters of the new Dalles Dam.

Much of American Indian history during the past three hundred years has been a process of yielding to westward-moving white Americans, as the tragic undercurrent in several articles in this issue indicates. And, according to Charles F. Wilkinson in "Shall the Islands be Preserved?" on pages 32–37, threats to the Native Americans' remaining lands—and to the survival of their culture and traditions—have not yet ended.

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WOUNDED KNEE AND OTHER DARK IMAGES

THE WEST OF DEWEY HORN CLOUD

by Robert M. Utley

ABOVE: SOLDIERS OF THE U.S. SEVENTH CAVALRY STAND AMONG SIOUX DEAD AT WOUNDED KNEE, SOUTH DAKOTA, DECEMBER 30, 1890.
NATIONAL ARCHIVES

ON A BLEAK DECEMBER DAY in 1890, the long struggle between white man and red for mastery of the North American continent ended violently and tragically on the banks of Wounded Knee Creek in South Dakota. In the narrow valley, edged by the pine-dappled ridges that gave the Sioux reservation its name, the tipis of Big Foot's band of Miniconjou Sioux clustered compactly, while nearby stood the precisely ranked A-tents of the Seventh Cavalry. From a dominating hilltop four Hotchkiss rapid-fire cannons pointed at the Indian camp. On this fateful morning, heavy with coming storm, the mounting conflict between the white officials and the Sioux over the ominous teachings and rituals of the Ghost Dance religion reached a new pitch of suspicion and misunderstanding. No one, red or white, intended or expected a fight. But when the cavalry chief demanded that Big Foot's people give up their guns, tensions boiled over. Savage, bloody fighting engulfed soldiers and Sioux in a holocaust that fired Indians everywhere with an outrage that would burn fiercely for generations.

Among Big Foot's followers was the family of Horn Cloud, a man of stature and a counselor to the chief. Horn Cloud's sons, bowing to the insistence of government officials that Indians answer to white names, were carried on the reservation rolls as Dewey, Joseph, Sherman, and William. As a youth of fourteen, Dewey (he would later take the name of Dewey Beard) had ridden on the fringes of the mass of exultant Sioux warriors that had crushed General Custer and his troopers on the Little Bighorn. Now he was twenty-six years old, husband to Wears Eagle, father of an infant daughter, Wet Feet, yet not wholly purged by a decade of deadening reservation life of his warrior instincts and skills.

When the fighting erupted Dewey was standing in the council square where Big Foot, prostrated by pneumonia, directed the surrender of the guns. Soldier and Indian fought face to face and hand to hand, and many died. Dewey caught the glint of brass buttons through the smoke of crashing rifles and carbines. He seized a carbine from a soldier. They struggled, Dewey stabbing wildly with his knife as the soldier screamed and tried to get a strangle-hold on Dewey's throat. Finally Dewey got on top and plunged his knife repeatedly into his opponent's kidney.

With the dead soldier's carbine, Dewey bolted through the cordon of troops. A bullet hit him in the shoulder and knocked him down. A soldier pointed his carbine and pulled the trigger, but the hammer snapped on an empty chamber. Dewey aimed at the soldier, but his hammer snapped too. Foolishly the two snapped their weapons at each other until Dewey pulled himself to his feet and ran again. He met another soldier, who tried to get around him, but Dewey loaded his carbine and shot him.

Dewey slid down the slope of a deep, broad ravine. It was filled with Indians. Soldiers stood on both edges, firing down. Another bullet smashed his thigh, dropping him again. With cartridges piled in front of him, he sat methodically loading and firing at the bluecoats above until his carbine jammed. He discarded it and began a painful ascent of the ravine.

From an old man Dewey obtained another carbine. He and two men charged some soldiers on the flat above, but he retreated when his comrades were killed. Back in the ravine he confronted an army Indian scout. Both fired and missed.

After resting briefly Dewey continued up the ravine. It was a scene of horror, roiling with smoke and dust, deadly with flying bullets, and littered with the dead and dying. Mothers hugged the banks, clawing out shelters in which to place their infants. Dewey came on his own mother, badly wounded, holding a soldier's pistol. "My son," she said, "pass by me, I am going to fall down now." Another bullet struck her and she fell.

From another old man Dewey got a fully loaded Winchester repeating rifle to replace his single-shot army carbine. Farther up the ravine he found his brother William leaning against the bank, blood running from a hole in his chest. White Lance, Dewey's closest friend, tumbled down the bank. He was wounded too. Dewey and White Lance carried William up the ravine.

At a point where the ravine turned sharply, forming a pocket, the three men and several others crawled to the brow. From the hill to their front the Hotchkiss cannons raked the Indian camp, shredding the tipis and mangling everyone who remained in them. Dewey and his friends began shooting at the soldiers working the cannons. In return the artillerymen threw back a deluge of shot and shell. Bullets and shrapnel snapped through clouds of

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This article is adapted from a chapter in Robert M. Utley's Indian, Soldier, and Settler, *just published by the Jefferson National Expansion Historical Association, St. Louis.* *Copyright © 1979 by Jefferson National Expansion Historical Association.*

smoke and dust. Explosions churned up the earth and caved in the banks. Dewey saw a shell punch a six-inch hole in a man's stomach. People sang death songs.

Led by an officer on horseback, some soldiers pushed a cannon toward the ravine pocket, firing as they came. Dewey shot one of the soldiers, and the others paused to drag him to safety. Then Dewey knocked the officer from his horse and stopped the advance. A bullet furrowed the ground in front of Dewey's face, throwing dirt in his eyes and blinding him. He slid back down the bank.

Now regaining his strength and sight, Dewey left White Lance and William and proceeded up the ravine, searching for his wife. He ran into a squad of soldiers coming down it, and dodging their bullets he scrambled out of the ravine and raced across the brown prairie to the chance safety of a small party of Oglala Sioux who had come out from the Pine Ridge Agency to investigate the shooting. At this moment Dewey's brother Joseph rode up on a pony. He said all the Horn Clouds had been killed, and he was going back to be killed too. Dewey talked him out of this, and together the brothers rode away from the battlefield.

THOUGH TWICE WOUNDED, Dewey had lived through a slaughter that had swept away at least 153 men, women, and children of Big Foot's band of 350 and maimed another 50 or more. His own family had indeed been all but annihilated: his father, sitting next to Big Foot, struck down in the first burst of fire; his mother killed in the ravine; Sherman and William both slain; Wears Eagle found dead with the tiny Wet Feet nursing at a bloody bullet-punctured breast. Three months later the infant died—from swallowing too much blood, Dewey believed. Of the Horn Clouds only Dewey and Joseph survived.

For another sixty-five years, Dewey Horn Cloud lived out his life quietly on the Pine Ridge Reservation. Finally, after three wars beyond the oceans in which Sioux youth fought as U.S. soldiers, he came to be venerated as the last Sioux veteran of the Little Bighorn. But far more than the triumphant fight with General Custer, it was Wounded Knee that seared Dewey's memory to the day of his death, at ninety-one, in 1955.

It was not solely the horror of Wounded Knee that shaped the way Dewey and his tribesmen looked upon white people. Dewey lived at a time when the Sioux were thrust upon the bridge the whites tried to build between the old Indian world and the alien new world of their conquerors. The bridge—the reservation system—failed to carry the Sioux all the way across, but rather left them suspended in a cultural purgatory between the two worlds. To Dewey's generation fell the lot of contrasting the satisfactions of the old life with the wretchedness of the new.

The old was rich and satisfying indeed—or so they nostalgically remembered after it was lost. The plains had teemed with deer, antelope, elk, and buffalo. Game animals supplied an incredible array of life's needs. From the buffalo alone came meat for food; skins and robes for clothing, shelter, containers and other utensils; and bones for tools and implements. Following the great herds that darkened the plains by the millions, the tribesmen evolved a way of life profoundly influenced by the bounty and the seasonal habits of these huge lumbering beasts.

They were a handsome, proud, and strong people, these plainsmen, and they have provided the stereotypical image evoked today by the word "Indian": tall, lithe, sinewy, bronze-skinned; with high cheek bones, aquiline nose, low forehead, thick, wide mouth, dark, expressive eyes; clad in dressed skins ornamented with bead- and quillwork of enduring artistic merit; weapons and braided, jet-black hair fluttering with eagle feathers; skilled horsemen and bowmen; masters of war and hunt. They lived close to the land, venerated it mystically as "Mother Earth," and utterly failed to understand how it could be sold. They practiced a religion ordered by the wonders of nature, a religion that rewarded each communicant with a highly personal brand of "power" to carry him along the pathways of life. They cherished individual freedom and independence, and embraced a democracy that bordered on anarchy.

Above all they were creatures of war. "When we were young all we thought about was going to war with some other nation," recalled Encouraging Bear, an intimate of the legendary Crazy Horse; "all tried to get their names up the highest, and whoever did so was the principal man of the nation." They fought over hunting grounds or to defend themselves against the raids of others or to gain plunder, but above all they fought for personal recognition. The greatest honors the tribe could bestow were for achievements in war, and almost from infancy the warrior values were inculcated and the warrior skills honed to perfection. They fought mainly against other tribes—the Sioux and Northern Cheyennes, for example, against the Crows, Shoshonis, and Pawnees. But increasingly they also fought with the *Wasichus*, the white-skinned people who were invading their homeland in mounting numbers by the middle of the nineteenth century.

"As I think back upon those days," reminisced Wooden Leg, a Northern Cheyenne whose tribe roamed with the Sioux, "it seems that no people in the world ever were any richer than we were." It was a life they loved while they lived it and mourned when they lost it. The Comanche Ten Bears hinted at the reverence all the tribes of the Great Plains felt toward it when he told government commissioners in 1867: "I was born where there were no enclosures, and where everything drew a free breath. I want to die there and not within walls."

The new life of the Wasichus clamped on Dewey Horn Cloud and his people after their conquest stood in stark and dispiriting contrast to the old free life of the plains. "All our people now were settling down in square gray houses, scattered here and there across the hungry land,"

"As I think back upon those days,
it seems that no people in the world ever were
any richer than we were."

WOODEN LEG, NORTHERN CHEYENNE

Alfred Jacob Miller's lively painting, The Buffalo Hunt,
suggests the exuberant freedom of the Plains Indians' nomadic way of life before white civilization left its fatal imprint.

DETAIL OF THE ORIGINAL; COURTESY OF THE ANSCHUTZ COLLECTION

"A people's dream died there. It was a beautiful dream."

BLACK ELK, OGLALA SIOUX

When this deceptively idyllic scene was photographed in January 1891, a month after Wounded Knee, the Indians' world had already collapsed. This Sioux group, camped near Pine Ridge, South Dakota, has been ordered to a reservation.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

explained Black Elk, "and around them the Wasichus had drawn a line to keep them in." Agents of the Great Father took charge. "I don't want a white man over me," protested Sitting Bull. "I don't want an agent." But even the mighty chief who had wiped out Custer had to accept an agent. Inside the lines the agents tried to dress the Indians in white-man clothes and make them into farmers and Christians. The old customs and values lost their meaning in the new setting, or were ridiculed or even suppressed by the agent's Indian police and judges. Warriors and huntsmen could not make war or hunt buffalo, which vanished anyway before the heavy rifles of white hide-hunters. Climate and soil and the instincts of a nomadic people conspired against the crops. Government dole, always inadequate, barely substituted. Hunger and disease stalked the gray cabins. Cultural breakdown pressed the people ever deeper into despair.

This sudden and devastating passage from one world to another gave rise to the Ghost Dance religion. It assured the Indians that a messiah would come, deliver them from their present oppressors, and restore the world they once knew. So the Hotchkiss guns that littered the flats beside Wounded Knee Creek with the torn bodies of Big Foot's followers shattered more than flesh. "I can see that something else died there in the bloody mud," mused Black Elk, "and was buried in the blizzard. A people's dream died there. It was a beautiful dream."

AN INDIAN need not have been a victim of Wounded Knee, or even a Sioux, to taste its bitterness and to pass it on from generation to generation. All the Indians of the West had their Wounded Knee, however bloody or bloodless, that brought an end to the old order and signaled the beginning of the new. With variations of time, place, and detail, the experience of Dewey Horn Cloud and his people was repeated all over the West in the four decades after 1850.

The tribes fought valiantly against the overwhelming numbers and technology of the white men, but it was hopeless. One reason for this was that they never could unite on any significant scale in their common defense, because in truth they were not one people but many. There were similarities between tribes, to be sure, but there were basic differences too. Unlike the plainsmen, for example, the Apaches of the southwestern mountains and deserts preferred to travel on foot rather than on horseback, and they tended scattered corn patches and lived in brush wickiups instead of skin tipis. Their neighbors, the proud Navajos, also raised corn, and fruit too, herded sheep and goats, lived in log-and-mud hogans, and like the plains people rarely went anywhere except by horse. The Pacific Northwest tribes followed a pattern of life ordered by the seasonal cycles of the salmon and edible roots such as the camas. Whatever the similarities and differences, however, most tellingly the tribes looked upon themselves as different—as Cheyenne and Ute and Nez Percé and Paiute and Modoc rather than as Indian—and they reserved their deepest antipathies and most savage warfare for one another rather than for the white invader. One after another the tribes fell before the relentless advance of the frontier.

Not military defeat alone, nor even chiefly, overwhelmed them, or accounted for their bitterness. The Wounded Knees stood for more than just the clashes with the bluecoats. They stood as symbols of a process. First came the white pioneers to scare off or kill the game, cut the timber in the stream bottoms, graze off the grass of meadow and prairie, and even rip open the breast of Mother Earth. Then came commissioners to buy the land. Bewildering councils that Indians never learned to understand or cope with left them divided among themselves and puzzling over a piece of paper that recorded their agreement to part with their land. Most knew, without quite knowing how, that they had been victimized. "We did not give our country to you," declared Sitting Bull, "you stole it."

Somewhere in this process the provocation became too great to bear, and a leader fired his people to fight. Usually it was after the white pressures on land and food resources had become so intense that at least part of a tribe was prompted to sign a treaty and accept a reservation. Most of the big Indian wars were actually breakouts from a reservation rather than resistance to going to one. Wounded Knee occurred almost a decade after the last Sioux had surrendered. Names of patriot chiefs who valued their birthright more than life leap from the annals of tribal warfare: Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse of the Sioux, Little Mountain and Satanta of the Kiowas, Kamiakin of the Yakimas, Captain Jack of the Modocs, Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés, Manuelito of the Navajos, Mangas Coloradas and Cochise, Victorio and Geronimo of the Apaches. Always revolt brought soldiers to exact harsh retribution and to scar the memories of the victims with scenes such as Dewey Horn Cloud carried from Wounded Knee.

The tribes of the Columbia Basin never forgot the havoc wrought by the bluecoats' cannon and new long-range rifles at Four Lakes and Spokane Plain in 1858. And they never forgot the big-framed soldier chief who marched grimly through their country plucking men he thought guilty of crime from their lodges and carrying them off in chains or, for fifteen, summarily hanging them from the nearest stout tree limb.

The Eastern Sioux scarcely forgot the vengeance provoked by their uprising in Minnesota. Defeated by soldiers at Wood Lake, many surrendered only to be hurried through a bewildering series of "trials" that left 303 sentenced to die. The Great Father in Washington, a kindly bearded man, took time from the white people's war among themselves to save most of the convicted Indians, but thirty-eight died on the gallows on a frosty December day in 1862.

"I don't want a white man over me."
I don't want an agent."

Once their lands were taken and the buffalo destroyed, many Indians became dependent on the white man's dole. In this grim winter scene at the Pine Ridge Reservation, a long line of Sioux waits for food on ration day.

WESTERN HISTORY DEPARTMENT, DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY

More horrifying even than Wounded Knee, Sand Creek inflamed Indians everywhere as word of the deeds of the Colorado militia and their fanatical preacher-colonel sped from tribe to tribe in 1864–65. Black Kettle's people had supposed themselves under military protection when the soldiers stormed among their tipis and perpetrated an orgy of blood-letting that knew no bounds of age or sex or barbarity. "All manner of depredations were inflicted," testified a mixed-blood scout; "they were scalped, their brains knocked out; the men used their knives, ripped open women, clubbed little children, knocked them in the head with their guns, beat their brains out, mutilated their bodies in every sense of the word." Sand Creek hung over military-Indian relations for years afterward. "Have you never heard of Sand Creek?" Tall Bull demanded of General Hancock in 1867. "Your soldiers look just like those who butchered the women and children there."

The tribal memory of the Navajos will always bear, as a central fact of their history, the four-year ordeal of Bosque Redondo, the "round grove of trees" near Fort Sumner, New Mexico, that gave its name to the reservation where they passed the terrible exile of 1864–68. Bosque Redondo began with the tragic Long Walk in which soldiers herded more than two thousand people, the first of eight thousand, across two hundred miles of desert and plain to the barren, sickly bottoms of the Pecos River. Two hundred perished on the way, and many more died of disease and despair at Bosque Redondo. Crops would not grow there, and Kiowas and Comanches raided the Navajo herds. But above all the people mourned their lost homeland. With the expense of their upkeep soaring, the Great Father at last admitted defeat and let them go back to their beloved homes. *Nahondzod*, the Navajos still call this period, "The Fearing Time."

Dewey Horn Cloud (Dewey Beard), circa 1950

Most tribes could recount similar tribulations—Kiowas, Comanches, and Apaches, imprisonment in the ancient fortresses of far-off, sickly Florida; Modocs, the hanging of Captain Jack and other chiefs; Nez Percés, the tragic fighting retreat across mountain and plain to defeat heartbreakingly near their goal of Canadian sanctuary; Cheyennes, shot down defenseless in the snow during a desperate break from a starving, freezing confinement designed to make them go back to a hated exile in the South.

SURVIVORS of any of these episodes would have understood Dewey Horn Cloud's feelings after Wounded Knee. White people had robbed him of his birthright, emptied his way of life of much that gave it meaning and vitality, and finally wiped out his family in a nightmare of flying bullets and bursting cannon shells. He could hardly be expected to look kindly on his conquerors. He could not know the cultural imperatives that powered their restless advance and exploitive instinct. He could not have understood the humanitarian impulse that underlay their efforts to confer on their red brothers the blessings of education, Christianity, and agricultural self-sufficiency. He would not have appreciated the academic distinction between a plotted massacre and a tragic armed clash that just happened.

It is hardly surprising that experiences such as Wounded Knee would decisively shape the way that Indians then and now looked upon their white conquerors and upon the process by which the conquest was accomplished. It is an irony of history, however, and a measure of the conqueror's sense of guilt, that whites today have come to basically the same view. No longer is the frontier movement projected in such familiar scenes as grim-faced pioneers in covered wagons trekking westward to carve a civilization out of the wilderness; warriors with feathered bonnets on fleet ponies sweeping down on corralled wagons and circling in attempted massacre; cavalry charging with bugles sounding, banners whipping, and sabers flashing to put the Indians to rout and save the day. Darker images have been substituted: pioneers who were grasping ravagers of the land and oppressors of the natives, soldiers who were brutes rampaging about the West taking fiendish delight in slaughtering Indian women and children, Indians ennobled in the mold of James Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*.

But history is rarely this simple because life is rarely this simple. There are few genuine heroes or villains in real life, merely people who are sometimes heroic, sometimes villainous, but most of the time simply human. Such were the forebears of today's white Americans, who advanced the frontier across the continent, and such were the forebears of today's red Americans, who were so tragically the victims. They belonged to different cultures and hence looked at the world with different attitudes and beliefs. They were of another time, with values and assumptions entirely plausible for that time. But they were still, for the most part, decent, ordinary human beings. Historical forces over which they had little control brought them into conflict and wrote one of the blackest chapters of United States history. **AW**

Robert M. Utley, *a member of* The American West*'s editorial board, is a historian whose latest book is* The American Heritage History of the Indian Wars, *written with Wilcomb E. Washburn.*

ABOVE: SOUTH DAKOTA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE HAVASUPAI OF THE GRAND CANYON

by Robert C. Euler

HAVASU, or Cataract Canyon as it is sometimes called, is one of the major tributaries of Grand Canyon from the South Rim. For most of its long and tortuous route to the Colorado River, it is dry and relatively barren. A mile or two above Supai Village, however, a large spring bursts forth from the ground, forming Havasu Creek. This mineral-laden water, a light turquoise in color, bubbles through the Havasupai Indian community and then plunges over four beautiful falls on its way to the Colorado River about twelve miles to the north.

The eight-mile trail to Supai Village, followed each year by some ten thousand tourists eager to see the falls, begins on the rim at an elevation of about 5,200 feet. Sharply it switchbacks through white and tan limestone cliffs before entering the red sandstones of Walapai Canyon, where it follows the bed of a usually dry stream. Deeper and deeper it goes through the cliffs until it reaches the creek more than two thousand feet below. To the average visitor, eyes glued to the rough trail or concerned about staying aboard a Havasupai pony, the surrounding country seems beautiful but harsh. Yet along the way are many desert plants formerly used as food by the Havasupai. The agave, or century plant, with its sharp leaves and towering stalk, is one of these. Faint traces of the pits where the tender crown of this plant was roasted are visible to the observant hiker. Animals are rarely seen, but they are there—desert bighorn sheep, deer, rabbits, lizards, and the inevitable rattlesnakes.

As one reaches Havasu Creek the scenery abruptly changes. The white and red cliffs tower high above, sometimes obscured by the lush streamside vegetation of willow and cottonwood. Within a mile, the trail passes through the village, where the farm plots and houses of several hundred Havasupai are nestled between the canyon walls. Two miles farther on are the first of the waterfalls and campgrounds for visitors.

This is exciting and beautiful country, which can be enjoyed more fully if one understands something about its human history and the adaptations that its inhabitants have made to the environment. It is a story that goes back more than a thousand years.

The earliest evidence that archaeologists have found of human beings in the Havasupai country doesn't involve the Havasupai at all. From around 700 to 1150 A.D., the area was occupied by people known as the Cohonina. While their life way was not too different from that of the later Havasupai, archaeologists have no difficulty in distinguishing the ruins they left behind. The Cohonina were in friendly contact with the Anasazi, or Pueblo Indians, farther to the east, and they copied much of the Pueblo culture. They constructed masonry houses, made pottery with designs in imitation of those of the Anasazi, and farmed the bottomlands of Havasu Creek as well as hunted game and gathered edible wild plants. Around the middle of the twelfth century, the climate of this canyon country changed appreciably. Winter snows, upon which the Cohonina depended for moisture to assist in the germination of their

In this turn-of-the-century photograph, a Havasupai woman stands with her burden basket and milling stone—two of women's most important possessions in early times.

ABOVE: HAVASU FALLS, GRAND CANYON; PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT C. EULER

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. JAMES
SOUTHWEST MUSEUM

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. JAMES, CIRCA 1898 SOUTHWEST MUSEUM

Two Havasupai women, with their burden and water baskets, appear in front of a traditional wickiup in about 1898.

crops in the spring, probably came less frequently. Severe droughts occurred year after year. Finally, the Cohonina were forced to leave. Where they went is a question that archaeologists have not yet been able to answer, but it is clear that the entire Grand Canyon region was uninhabited for at least one hundred fifty years.

Then, shortly after 1300 A.D., climatic conditions improved, and the direct ancestors of the Walapai and Havasupai moved from the west onto the Colorado Plateau and into Havasu Canyon. At that time and continuing well into the historic period, the Walapai and Havasupai were but one tribe, referring to themselves as *Pai*, "the people." They adapted well to the canyonlands and high plateaus, and soon ranged exclusively over millions of acres south of the Colorado River as far as the Hopi territory east of the Little Colorado.

This vast region included varying environments, and the Pai were able to utilize plants and animals from several environmental niches. Those bands we now know as the Havasupai moved about in somewhat of a seasonal round, farming in the summer months in the canyons wherever there was water and then moving to the high wooded rim country to hunt in the winter. The present Supai Village was but one of their communities; they also farmed at other places in Grand Canyon such as Indian Gardens below El Tovar Hotel on the South Rim.

Unlike the Cohonina, they did not build masonry houses but preferred small caves and rock shelters as well as less sturdy brush wickiups for their homes. The material things they left behind—clothing, pottery, milling stones, and baskets—also differed from those of the Cohonina.

THIS WAY OF LIFE, marred only by occasional hostile encounters with Paiutes from the north side of Grand Canyon, continued unchanged for hundreds of years. In fact, the first written description of the Havasupai in their canyon home, penned by the intrepid Franciscan, Father Francisco H. Garcés in the summer of 1776, supports the prehistoric record.

Father Garcés, stationed at the Spanish mission of San Xavier del Bac near present-day Tucson, had been traveling through northern Arizona from the Mohave villages along the lower Colorado River easterly toward the New Mexico pueblo of Zuni. While in the country of the Walapai, he met some Hopi traders who guided him to Havasu Canyon. Thus, he became the first white man of record to visit the Havasupai there.

Garcés traveled to Supai down the same canyon now traversed annually by thousands of tourists. But then, two hundred years ago, the trail was very different. Near the top Garcés had to dismount from his mule and virtually crawl along a ledge below which lay what he described as a "horrible abyss." Within sight of Havasu Creek, the trail abruptly halted at the edge of a cliff. The only way down was by means of a ladder the Havasupais had placed there. While the Indians brought his mule to the village by a round-about route, Father Garcés braved the descent by

ROBERT C. EULER

This 1976 photograph shows Supai Village much as it appears today, with the cafe at left center and new houses scattered among the fields.

ladder. During his five-day stay at Supai, he was treated with great hospitality. The Havasupai fed him deer meat, beef (from cows obtained from the Hopi), corn, beans, greens, and mescal (the prepared solid food of the agave). Garcés counted thirty-four families living in the canyon; later he met other Havasupais on the plateau during his journey to the Hopi. He described their fields, which were irrigated by the waters of Havasu Creek, and their methods of tilling with hatchets, dibbles, and hoes also bartered from the Hopi. A few weeks later, Garcés, having met with an unfriendly reception by the Hopi on July 4, 1776, returned through Supai on his long journey home.

For almost a century, the Havasupai saw no more whites in their canyon fastness. This is not to say that they didn't encounter them on the plateau above. Shortly after the Mexican War of 1848, when Havasupai territory officially became part of the United States, U.S. Government explorations began in the area. Capt. Lorenzo Sitgreaves, attempting to determine if the Little Colorado and Colorado rivers were navigable, encountered Havasupais east of the San Francisco Peaks. The Indians were gathering piñon nuts, but most of them fled at the approach of the soldiers. In all probability, the Havasupai knew of the hostility of earlier Anglo-American trappers toward Indians in the Southwest and felt that discretion was the best course. The soldiers promptly took from the Indian camp "some admirably made baskets, of so close a texture as to hold water; a wicker-jar, coated with pine-tree gum; a large quantity of pinones and grass seed; some bread, made of the mezquit bean; a cake of *mezcal* [made from the agave]," all products that the Havasupai would have had in such a camp.

In 1854, Lt. A. W. Whipple passed through the Havasupai country during his initial survey for a railroad route across northern Arizona. In 1857 Lt. Edward Beale of the Navy, surveying with camels for a wagon road, also took essentially the same track. Both these parties noted recent signs of Indians but didn't actually see any. The Havasupai obviously were keeping out of sight.

It was not until the spring of 1858 that the first American, and probably the first white man since Father Garcés, descended into Havasu Canyon. Lt. Joseph Christmas Ives, on a trip eastward to Fort Defiance after an ill-fated steamboat voyage up the Colorado River, rode with his troops down the same trail Garcés had taken eighty-two years before. Unlike Garcés, however, Ives halted at the ladder. The German artist on the expedition, Baron Egglofstein, clambered down the ladder, falling and breaking it as he went. Picking himself up, he went on and at least observed the village and farms before returning.

In 1862 and 1863, Jacob Hamblin, the Mormon missionary, made two trips through portions of Havasupai territory on his way to the Hopi towns. On his second trip, in the company of some Hopis, he visited Supai Village for one day. Women and children fled at his approach, while the Havasupai men ran toward him armed with bows and arrows and a few old rusty flintlock muskets. The Hopis paved the way for Hamblin's safe entry into the village, but its inhabitants urged him not to reveal its location.

BY THIS TIME hostilities between the Pai and Anglo-Americans were reaching grave proportions. The beginning of emigrant travel on Beale's wagon road in 1859, the opening of a freight-wagon road through western Pai territory in 1865, and the murder of a principal western Pai chief the following year all signified the end of free use of their aboriginal range by the Pai. These difficulties climaxed in the Pai war with the United States Army from 1866 to 1869, a struggle in which the Havasupai, because of their isolated location, had but little direct participation.

In 1869, after the Pai had been militarily defeated, prospectors began infiltrating Havasupai country. The first of these miners, in a party led by Samuel C. Miller, left Prescott on September 8, 1869. They encountered Havasupais near present-day Ash Fork. According to Miller's journal, "we saw considerable fresh Indian sign and early the next morning the red scoundrels poured a galling fire into our party, firing some sixty or seventy shots at us." These Indians, at the extreme southern range of Havasupai territory, were still anxious to protect their country from trespass in spite of the general military defeat they had recently suffered at the hands of the U.S. Army.

Despite such belligerent encounters, the Mormon John D. Lee made a safe trip from his home in the Hopi village of Moenkopi to some Havasupai camps along the South Rim of Grand Canyon in 1873. He stayed with them for a day, and the Indians fed him corn and meat. However, it is clear from Lee's diary that the Havasupai, stung from the pressures of Anglo-American superiority, were attempting to win friendship at almost any cost. On Lee's leave-taking the following morning, he noted: "By sun rise our new friends brought ou[r] Horses & watered them & we took leave of our new friends, they requesting us to tell the Mormon capt. how good & friendly th[e]y were to us & they would tell their capt. how friendly we were to them."

However amicable the Havasupai were to Lee, relations between Anglo-Americans and the Havasupai apparently worsened. The government ordered all Indians of the region to live on reservations, even though no reservation had yet been established for the Havasupai. More and more white people began moving into their territory, in part to mine the mineral riches of Havasu Canyon, especially its silver and lead deposits. In 1880, a prospecting party met disaster below the village when its leader, James Mooney, fell to his death near the falls that now bear his name.

There was so much pressure from whites to contain the Havasupai that in 1881, General Willcox in Prescott ordered Lt. Col. William Redwood Price, the victorious officer in the Pai War, to make a reconnaissance and survey for a Havasupai reservation. This was done and, with later modifications, the Havasupai were restricted to a 518-acre tract around their farms in Havasu Canyon, not including the mines.

This photograph dating from about 1898 depicts Manakaja, a Havasupai chief.

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. W. JAMES
SOUTHWEST MUSEUM

About this time, Anglos began to turn their attention from mining to the scenic beauties of the Havasupai country, in particular the spectacular Grand Canyon. While mining activities had virtually ceased by 1910, tourism was encouraged by official government action culminating in the establishment of Grand Canyon National Park in 1919.

In the 1880s, Anglo-American cattlemen had also moved into Havasupai territory, further usurping the former hunting grounds of the Indians. In 1890, for example, a Havasupai Indian named Suppai Tom wanted, according to government records, "to possess land within the natural limits of a basin known as Rain Tank," an area which "had been the home of his family for many years" but which had been claimed by "two white men and one white woman." The Indian Service official in charge, seemingly uninformed that a Havasupai Reservation had already been set aside, indicated that the Havasupai had no right to Rain Tank or any other area.

At this time an Indian agency and day school had been established for the Havasupai near their Havasu Canyon village, further eroding their native social and political institutions. No longer were the Indians permitted to hunt on the plateaus in the winter months; that was school time and the children were required to attend.

During these years the Havasupai also had problems with the Navajos, who by then had moved west of the Hopi and were harrassing the canyon dwellers. A Prescott newspaper stated on January 15, 1891, "Mr. D. H. Dillon, who returned recently from Cataract mining district, reports that the Supai Indians have been driven out of their hunting grounds in the Coconino Forest by the Navajos, who came into that country with 50,000 sheep and ordered the Supais to 'get back into their hole in the ground, that they had no business on top of ground, anyhow.' This works quite a hardship on the Supais, who have heretofore lived in Coconino Forest during the winter season, where there is an abundance of game, feed for animals, and but little wood in Cataract Canyon. The Navajos also threaten to come down and 'clean out' the Supais' crops."

THE HAVASUPAI, thoroughly demoralized, eked out an existence on their small reservation throughout the first half of the twentieth century. Occasionally they worked as cowboys for nearby cattle ranchers or in menial jobs for the forest and park services whose lands now surrounded the reservation. The psychological stresses they suffered took their toll. A general apathy and lack of dynamic leadership pervaded the community. Alcohol and drug abuse, major and petty crime, and the incidence of suicide increased. Children received a few grades of elementary education in a one-room school that had been built in the

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PECOS PUEBLO

by John L. Kessell

THE BISHOP, solidly built, square-jawed, and solemn, yet curiously dwarfed by his own vestments, moved with great dignity, planting the point of his pastoral staff with every other step and proceeding so smoothly that the high-peaked miter he wore did not bob up and down but seemed instead to float on an even plane. The Indians were impressed.

Only the third bishop in two centuries to visit colonial New Mexico, Dr. Pedro Tamarón y Romeral and his entourage had ridden out from Santa Fe through high, forested mountains to the pueblo and mission of Pecos. His Excellency, an inveterate tourist, took in the scene with pleasure. Pecos, easternmost of the multistoried stone and mud apartment complexes the Spaniards called pueblos, stood on a rocky, flat-topped ridge in a mountain valley of brick-red soil. Piñon and juniper trees and clumps of chamisa dotted the landscape. The Pecos River, born in the ponderosa high country, flowed past a mile or so east of the pueblo and then bent southeastward, skirting for fifteen miles the massive brow of Glorieta Mesa before breaking free toward the plains.

On May 26, 1760, a date his secretary recorded in the mission register, the resplendent bishop administered confirmation to 192 Pecos Indians, more than half the pueblo. "I sign thee with the sign of the cross," he intoned in Latin over and over, marking a cross with holy oil on the forehead of each, "and I confirm thee with the chrism of salvation, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit." Unnoticed in the shadows of the cavernous adobe church, one of the principal men of the pueblo, Agustín Guichí, a carpenter, studied the prelate's every move, his clothing, his attendants, his gestures.

The following September, during harvest time when everyone was feeling content, Guichí called on his memory. If ritual clowns, long a tradition with the Pecos and other Pueblo Indians, could mock even the gods, why not a bishop?

The resourceful Pecos leader saw to every detail. He designed and cut out episcopal vestments, fashioning the miter of parchment. A bent reed became his staff. Mateo Cru, another Pecos, dressed up as the blue-robed Franciscan superior, while a third man painted himself black to play the bishop's valet. Then, "to the accompaniment of a muffled drum and loud huzzas," a colorful, exuberant chorus led the three actors, each astride a burro, into the pueblo's main plaza, where the sham bishop with scrupulous sobriety passed between two rows of kneeling women, bestowing his blessing upon them.

The burlesque lasted three days. Bishop Guichí reconfirmed his people, lining them up, making a cross with water on the forehead of each, then cuffing them to symbolize the laying on of hands. On the third day at a comic mass he distributed bits of tortilla as altar bread.

But within hours catastrophe struck: the make-believe bishop lay dying, the victim of a freak encounter with a bear.

When the real Bishop Tamarón heard the story, he had it published. To him, the message was clear. God's swift punishment of Augustín Guichí was a warning to the Pueblo Indians to honor "His Holy Church and her ministers."

In retrospect, another message is clear. Neither Comanche attacks nor smallpox, nor Spanish exploitation, nor strife within, not even the fifteenfold decimation of the pueblo's population, had broken the spirit of the Pecos people.

Still, by Bishop Tamarón's day, the place was but a skeleton of what it once had been. Two centuries earlier, in 1540, when Spaniards in chain mail and pot helmets first stood gawking at the ladders and walkways of the teeming fortress-pueblo, Pecos boasted a population of two thousand or more. Built in layers, four and five stories high, each set back from the one below, the town formed a giant rectangle.

"In the center," a Spanish chronicler recalled, "is a great patio or plaza with its kivas [circular subterranean ceremonial chambers]. . . . The houses have no doors at ground level. . . . they use ladders which can be drawn up. . . . Since the doors of the houses open on the corridor on that floor the corridor serves as a street. The houses facing open country are back to back with those inside the patio, and in time of war they are entered through the inside ones. The pueblo is surrounded by a low stone wall. Inside there is a spring from which they can draw water."

Location, more than any other factor, determined the prominence of Pecos and, in the end, its decline. Pecos guarded the natural route of trade and war between pueblos and plains. Its people, come to-

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Left: By 1858, when German artist Heinrich Balduin Möllhausen captured the romance of Pecos in decay, the pueblo's last residents had already been absent for some two decades. The church, shown still largely intact in Möllhausen's painting, towers over the ruins of the pueblo beyond.
Opposite: Today the church's adobe shell looms against the sky as part of Pecos National Monument.

ORIGINAL PAINTING DESTROYED; REPRODUCTION COURTESY OF MUSEEN PREUSSISCHER KULTURBESITZ, MUSEM FUR VOLKERKUNDE, BERLIN, AND DAVID H. MILLER, CAMERON UNIVERSITY

DAVID MUENCH

THE NEW PLAINS INDIAN MUSEUM AND ITS TREASURES

by George Horse Capture

WITH FEATHERS IN HAND and the smoke of a small cedar fire rising at his feet, John Woodenlegs, a Northern Cheyenne holy man, addressed the four directions and offered a prayer. In this way a bit of western prairie received an ancient consecration by a representative of an ancient people, and was thus assured its proper place in the circle of life.

The occasion, on a bright autumn day in 1977, was the ground-breaking celebration for the new Plains Indian Museum at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming. Present were a group of American Indian advisers, Historical Center officials, and a large gathering of well-wishers. The ceremony dedicated a part of Mother Earth as the building site, ushering in a new era for the region. The festivities concluded with Indian and non-Indian joining hands and dancing together, pledging a common effort to make the new museum one of the best in the country, if not the world.

Once construction began, the structure appeared to burst forth from the prairie, as if it were at last unrestrained. Watched carefully by the Indian advisers, administrators, and construction specialists, the building began to take shape, transforming the area. All had resolved that this was to be a special place, where everything would be true both to Indian culture and the highest museum standards. A changing of the color of the leaves saw these basic requirements fulfilled.

The new building, circular in nature, encloses 43,000 square feet of space, more than half of which is devoted to a selection of the four thousand major Indian items in the present, still-growing collection. The exhibit area surrounds a central ethno-botanical section where native plants of the region flourish. The highlight of the new museum is the tipi hall. This massive space is fifty feet high and occupies five thousand square feet. Here five painted Indian lodges have been installed, which museum visitors can view from three levels. The size of the tipi hall overwhelms the senses, providing visitors with a glimpse of the spaciousness and beauty of traditional Plains Indian life.

The essence of any museum is in its collections, and this new museum proves no exception. Items that once belonged to Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, American Horse, and Chief Joseph occupy respected positions in the displays, but the art of the *unknowns* is even more impressive because it is representative of the Indians as a people. Yet the exhibits are designed not only to present individual pieces as elements of Indian culture, but also as examples of pure art. The concept of perceiving Indian ethnographical material as art is a recent phenomenon, long overdue.

American Indian art is delightful. It is so different from the familiar European styles that it seems to be from another dimension. Perhaps it is. The lifestyles and values of a people determine the form and meaning of their art. For the Plains Indians, the requirements of a migratory life were pervasive, and all aspects of their culture, including their art, reflected their adaptation to mobility. For example, tipis were lightweight, transportable, and weather-

PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN WOODENLEGS (ABOVE) BY GENE BALL

photography by Sheri I. Hoem

proof. Yet they were also aesthetically elegant, and many were so beautifully embellished that their practical value was overshadowed by their artistic worth. Other items were also made to suit the eye as well as the hand—to blend beauty with usefulness. As a consequence, clothes, bags, tipis, pipes, weapons, and many other items can be enjoyed today both as ethnographical treasures and as works of art.

Into their art, the Indian people also incorporated philosophy and religion. Colors and symbols tell the story of their values. The vital elements of life are represented by a variety of symbols. A cross is a star in the heavens, and a triangle is a mountain or a tipi. A diamond can be a person, a turtle, a navel, a lake, or an eye. A rectangle can represent a camp circle, a brush hut, the earth, or a buffalo. The interpretation may vary among tribes, but the essence remains the same.

Colors also have special meanings to the Indian people. White symbolizes sky, life, age, or winter; green is growth and development. Yellow represents maturity and perfection, while red is sacred and means life, blood, and good fortune. Thus precise combinations of colors and symbols can tell the story of an object.

The Plains Indians perfected a series of complex procedures for using color. Color, obtained from the earth or living things, was seldom applied directly to the material. Instead, porcupine quills, bird quills, horsehair, and similar materials were tinted the desired color, then woven, braided, or sewn onto the item. Later, glass beads from Europe replaced many of the traditional decorative materials. However, elk teeth, seeds, bones, feathers, sea shells, and hair continued to be used as adornments, with spectacular results.

If studied closely, Indian art can tell the story of a people. In the oldest pieces one can detect the purity of the time. Strong, bold designs enhanced by natural colors and materials make items from this early period unique. Later, foreign trade goods made their appearance and began to replace traditional materials. Beginning in the late 1800s, confusion in art forms developed as artists struggled to maintain their standards while using canvas, cowhide, and beads in place of the traditional buffalo materials and quills. This difficult time was reflected in a diverse range of artistic experimentation as sterile reservation life took its toll.

Most of today's good traditional-style art is not for sale to outsiders. Mothers and grandmothers still produce high-quality products, but they are primarily for their children and grandchildren. The immense amount of time that is necessary to produce such art limits its production. Therefore, a different type of Indian art has emerged, one similar to European art in concept yet reflective of the artists' Indian heritage. All of these things—and more—can be seen in the new Plains Indian Museum.

On that autumn day in 1977 when ground was broken and consecrated for the new museum, an Indian spokesman celebrated the occasion by saying, "There is a new light on the prairie." Today the museum, strengthened by an enlightened philosophy, educational programs, and a reservation outreach program, is confirming the truth of these words. **AW**

George Horse Capture, *a member of the Gros Ventre Tribe, is associate curator of the Plains Indian Museum at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center. For the past three years he has been a member of the Center's Indian Advisory Board.*

Sheri I. Hoem *is staff photographer for the Buffalo Bill Historical Center.*

A PORTFOLIO OF TREASURES FROM THE PLAINS INDIAN MUSEUM

ARIKARA QUILLED SHIRT

In addition to protecting the wearer from the elements, Plains Indian clothing displayed the skills of the most productive of their artists—the women. To create decorative panels such as the ones on this tanned deerskin shirt, porcupine quills had to be patiently extracted, washed, dyed, flattened, and then sewn or woven into place. The Mandans, Hidatsas, and Arikaras of North Dakota were the most prolific workers in this art form, a unique contribution by the American Indian.

SIOUX WAR BONNET

Although often overlooked as art, featherwork was highly developed by the Plains Indians in such items as dance bustles and war bonnets. The Sioux developed the war bonnet as we now know it; it quickly spread among other tribes and today is a recognized symbol of Indian peoples. The wing and tail feathers of the golden eagle were the most commonly used decorations, with the latter being the most desired. Like most other artifacts in this portfolio, the war bonnet at left dates from the latter half of the nineteenth century.

CROW HORSE GEAR

Among the Plains tribes, where almost all objects were decorated, horse gear became a prime medium for the display of craftsmanship. The high-pommeled woman's rawhide saddle shown here has been draped with a government-issue reservation blanket. The fringed article in the upper-right corner of the photograph is a crupper; a small strap near its lower end fitted under the horse's tail, while the upper ends of both panels attached to the saddle, keeping it from sliding forward. The Spanish-style bridle at center is of a type once used by many Plains tribes.

SIOUX WOMAN'S DRESS

Inter-tribal trade existed long before Europeans arrived on the scene. Shells from distant coasts, such as abalone and Dentalium, *were popular forms of decoration among the Plains tribes. The yoke of the ribbon-adorned trade-cloth dress shown here is overlaid with the delicate* Dentalium. *(The girl pictured on page 1 of this issue has a similar dress.)*

CROW BOW CASE AND QUIVER

This combination bow case/quiver is an outstanding example of Plains Indian art. The beaded decorative panels blend gracefully with the fur trim and trade-cloth shoulder sling to create a flowing toga effect. Soft, rippling fur from the otter—as employed here—was highly prized for quivers; the hide of such predatory animals as the cougar and lynx was also used.

RED CLOUD'S SHIRT

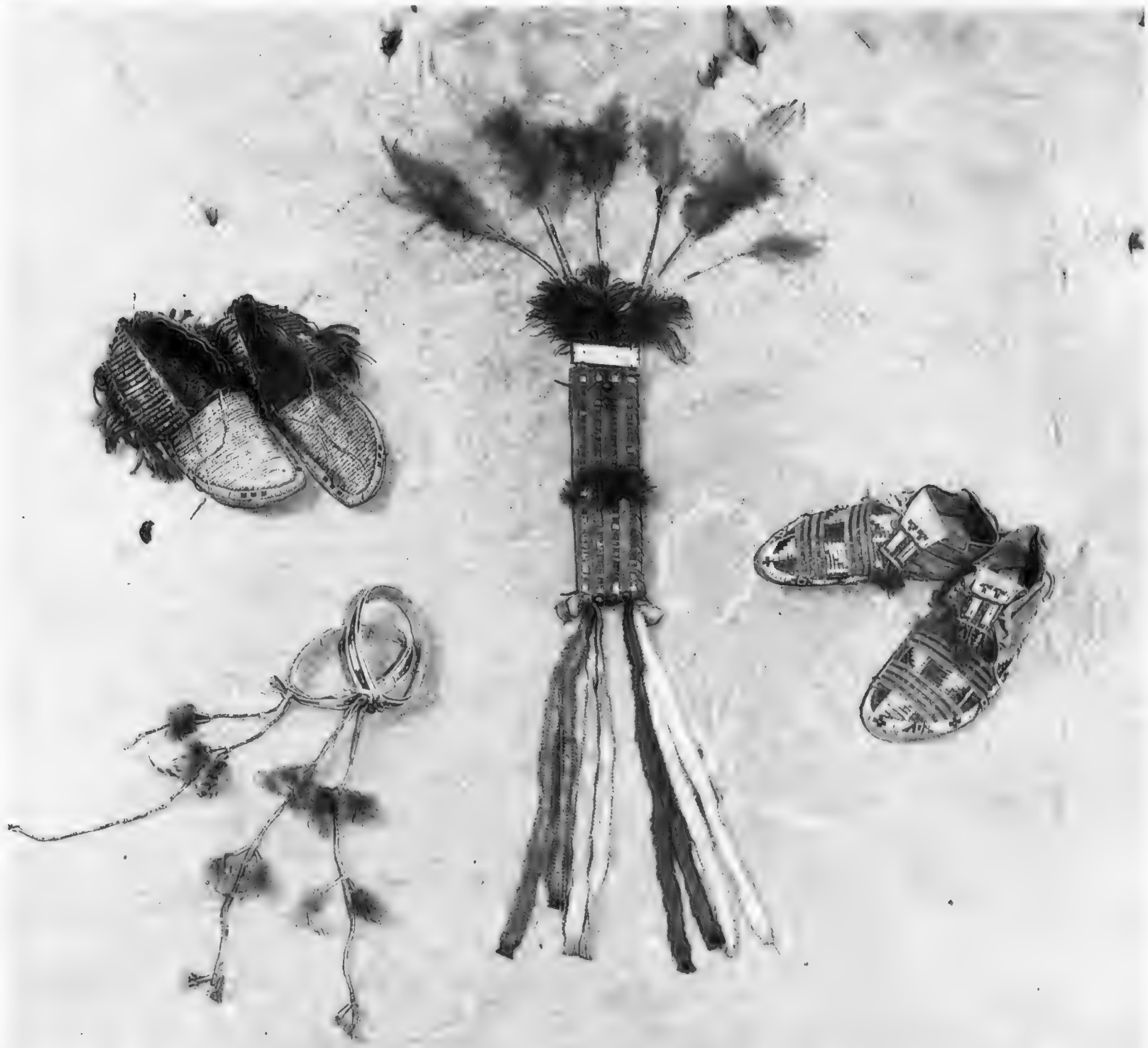
This hair-lock-fringed ceremonial shirt is believed to have once been owned by the well-known Sioux leader Red Cloud (c. 1822–1909). The colorful strips of glass "seed" beads are arranged in a feather-motif pattern, in brilliant contrast to the muted tones of the painted and natural buckskin.

SMOKING ACCOUTERMENTS

Among Indians, the act of smoking tobacco was much more than a nervous habit or pleasant pastime—it was often sacred. Long ago each tribe either grew its own tobacco or traded with one that did. But when the white man introduced tobacco as a trade item, the Indians quickly abandoned their own harsh brands. The Cheyenne tobacco bags at left have been crafted in the traditional Plains style. Cutting boards were usually decorated with paints or, as in the example at center, with brass tacks. The pipes themselves took many creative forms. The bowls might be carved from local soft stone or highly prized catlinite from Minnesota; some took on an added dimension with the inclusion of inlaid lead. The wood stems also offered scope for creative expression. They could be carved into twists, animal forms, or puzzles, and adorned with file or burn marks and various materials. The upper stem in the photograph is wrapped with porcupine quills; the one at bottom with horse hair.

SIOUX QUILL WORK

The versatility that Indian women could achieve in the application of porcupine quills as decoration is demonstrated by the items below. On the moccasins at left, the tassles have been wrapped with quills, while on the instep, quills have been sewn to the material in parallel rows. Similar methods of application can be seen on the armbands at lower left and the hair decorations at center. The moccasins at right also show outstanding quill-application and color blending. The effort necessary to create such beauty was appreciated by the recipient and shared with the community when worn.



BLACKFOOT SHIRT AND LEGGINGS

Once a Blackfoot warrior's finery, this deerskin shirt and matching leggings are decorated with paint, panels of seed beads, and inserts of red and black trade cloth. Both articles are part of a collection amassed by artist Frederic Remington for reference when painting his images of frontier and Indian life.

GHOST DANCE DRESS

Reacting to intolerable living conditions, the Sioux joined a revitalization movement led by the Paiute messiah, Wovoka, in 1889–90. The Ghost Dance, as the religion was called, promised that the whites would disappear, the dead Indian people would regain life, and the buffalo would return in vast numbers. The movement grew rapidly, causing the government to fear an Indian outbreak. On the morning of December 29, 1890, an altercation developed between soldiers and Indians on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota; in the resulting massacre more than 150 Sioux men, women, and children were killed, effectively ending the movement (see page 5 of this issue).

The Ghost Dancers believed that their special clothing had magical powers, and that Ghost shirts could not be penetrated by bullets. Symbols representing the heavens, such as stars, moons, and birds, often were incorporated into the art form. The dress at left is decorated with stars and blue sky above tipis and earth. It is a striking reminder of a dark period in history and a reflection of a proud and creative people.

SHALL THE ISLANDS BE PRESERVED?

The reservation system must be maintained, says the author, if Indian culture is to survive.

by Charles F. Wilkinson

NON-INDIAN TRAVELERS sense the change as they drive along New Mexico State Highway 264 from Gallup and pass onto the Navajo Reservation. Suddenly the familiar cultural trappings are gone. The faces are dark, solemn, and different. The pace of life has slowed. Visitors know instinctively that they have entered a foreign land.

A similar aura pervades the rugged coastal land of the Quinault tribe in the state of Washington and the rough-cut badlands of the Pine Ridge Sioux reservation in South Dakota. The misty, wooded depths of the Menominee region in Wisconsin hold secrets that no white person will ever know.

The same can be said, though sometimes to a lesser degree, of almost all of the more than four hundred Indian reservations in the United States. By most basic standards—cultural, historical, economic, or legal—these reservations are wholly different from the rest of the nation, and usually wholly different from the adjacent non-Indian land. Indians *own* the reservation system. They also *rule* it. Most tribes govern people and land on the reservations, often including non-Indians and their land, free of most state and federal laws.

These reservations comprise a chain of islands within the greater society.

The reservation system is the heart of federal policy toward American Indians. But the system as presently constituted is in jeopardy. The very first bill introduced in Congress in 1977, HCR 1, sought to limit important Indian treaty hunting and fishing rights, while the so-called Cunningham bill, drafted by a conservative congressman from western Washington, went even further: it would have unilaterally broken every Indian treaty. In June 1977, Representative Lloyd Meeds, the former chairman of the Indian Affairs Subcommittee, filed a 100-page position paper attacking most basic Indian rights of self-government. Criticizing recent court cases establishing far-ranging special tribal rights, Meeds concluded that "doing justice by Indians does not mean doing injustice by non-Indians."

Outside of Congress, the backlash against Indian court victories has been led by well-financed organizations whose sole purpose is to limit Indian self-government on the reservations. Evoking equalitarian principles, they oppose the special Indian rights not held by other citizens: the tax-exempt status of reservation land; federal hiring preferences for Indians; the Indian Health Service, which provides free health care for reservation Indians; and the right of tribes to tax, prosecute, and otherwise govern people on the reservations.

To groups like Montanans Opposed to Discrimination and the Interstate Congress for Interstate Rights and Responsibilities, such rights represent racial discrimination, pure and simple. They argue that the special legal status of Indians should be ended, completely and immediately.

The stakes are much higher than is commonly realized. The reservation system comprises some 52 million acres—about 2½ percent of the entire surface area of the United States. Add to that the forty million acres which will be transferred to Alaskan natives over the next fifteen years, as well as unresolved land claims in many states on the eastern seaboard. Furthermore, the potential for development on Indian reservations is high. To date, tribal lands

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Navajo culture and language are preserved on the fifteen-million-acre Navajo Reservation, the largest and most populous in the United States. In the photograph opposite, Agathia Peak looms beyond a Navajo homesite.

DAVID MUENCH

"To Indians, the reservations are islands where tribal culture and

have gone mostly undeveloped, but the stereotype of the reservation as a wasteland is wrong. The tribes have large mineral holdings: 10 percent of the nation's coal, 10 percent of the oil, and a minimum of 16 percent of the uranium. In addition to valuable recreation land, Indians own 1½ percent of the country's commercial timber and 5 percent of the grazing land. And reservation Indians have first call on the water in many rivers in the parched western half of the country.

The current backlash against the reservation system is due in part to outright attacks by anti-Indian interests. More fundamentally, however, federal Indian policy is a cross-wind blowing counter to other national policies. The result creates unsettling questions, whose answers do not come easily, even to those who sympathize with the Indian cause. "Won't Indians benefit if they integrate into American life?" "Why should one racial group receive special benefits—aren't all Americans equal?" "Shouldn't reservation Indians have to pay taxes like the rest of us?" "Isn't it wrong—and illegal—for one race to set up governments and rule other races?" "Why should Indians have a hammerlock on an important part of the country's land and resources?" "Why should we continue to subsidize Indians—haven't we paid our historical debt?"

Such fundamental questions have found their way into serious, specific legislative proposals. In order to understand them, however, it is necessary first to see how Indians view the reservations and then to trace and explain federal policy toward them.

THE VAST MAJORITY of American Indians want to retain their reservations. To be sure, some Indians see them as dead-end streets where the ambitions instilled by past assimilationist policies cannot be fulfilled. To others, who might otherwise remain, there simply are no jobs. But even most of those who live off the reservations want to preserve a geographic reference point. Thus some urban Indians may seldom return, but they share their tribe's determination to preserve the islands.

The tug of the reservations troubles many white Americans. They see how nineteenth-century Indian life has been worked over by the bully time and are appalled by the bruises: the clapboard shanties, the wasted automobile husks, the malnutrition, and the other all-too-evident signs of gut-wrenching poverty. Some of those Americans, believing in the melting pot, feel Indians will always be second-class citizens until they leave the reservations, move into the main stream, and begin to enjoy the benefits offered by the majority society. Others view the separatist reservation system as contrary to an abstract American ideal of "equality."

But Indians see their reservations in a very different light. The reservation is the seat of memories and legends that stretch back into more hazy generations than can ever be counted. Parents, grandparents, and many others in the extended family are buried there. The trails, hills, and bluffs have names that show up on no maps. Most reservation Indians retain a close relationship toward their land, a relationship that cannot remain intact unless the reservations themselves endure.

There are also more pragmatic concerns. Although plainly resentful of centuries of discrimination, Indians are more interested in separatism than in equality. To Indians, the reservations are islands where tribal culture and religion are protected from an encroaching dominant society. They serve as the last outposts against a debilitating racism that shows few signs of abating.

The separatism is possible because of the fact that Indian tribes are governments. Most powers of governments are defined geographically. In the case of Indian tribes, the reservation is the governmental unit. If the reservation is reduced in size, as many have been, the powers of the tribe are reduced accordingly. If the reservation is eliminated entirely, as some have been, the powers of the tribe are for all practical purposes destroyed.

The notion of the reservations as governmental islands is grounded in a series of prerogatives which guarantee that reservation Indians will be independent of most state laws. These prerogatives are based on the concept of *jurisdiction*,

religion are protected from an encroaching dominant society."

a technical word that is a living reality to reservation Indians.

Jurisdiction defines the area over which a government's laws extend. It encompasses the question of whether the law of the tribe or of the white society, i.e., the state, will apply. On some, but not all, reservations, tribal courts hear most cases; state courts have no jurisdiction and virtually no role to play. Jurisdictional issues will determine, then, whether there will be Indian or non-Indian judges, jurors, prosecutors, police, and jailers.

Jurisdiction also determines who will actually make the laws—the tribal council or the state legislature. Lawmaking and law enforcement are critically important in areas like child custody, education, zoning, domestic relations, environmental planning, and alcoholism. Tribal jurisdiction is the lifeblood of an emerging Indian separatism which permits the tribes to decide on the matters that really count: children, schools, families, crimes, finances, and land.

There are other important areas. Reservation Indians have special hunting, fishing, and trapping rights. The states have no jurisdiction. Thus state game laws, such as licensing requirements, bag limits, and seasons, do not apply on the reservations. Non-Indians may hunt or fish only with tribal permission. The tribes are free to follow their own time-proven practices.

In some areas, especially in the Pacific Northwest and Great Lakes region, commercial fishing provides an important source of income. Some Indians subsist largely on fish. Though it may seem strange to the city-dweller, wild game, including venison, is a staple on most reservations. Depending on the locale, the dinner table may also include reservation-grown wild rice, cranberries, piñon nuts, or foods made with cornmeal. To reservation Indians, who rank lowest by all economic measuring sticks, the reservation's resources often quite literally mean the difference between survival and starvation.

The land base has two-fold importance in the area of taxation. Reservations, established by federal action, are immune from state taxes. Individual tribal members and struggling tribal businesses badly need these exemptions. In addition, tribes have the power to tax activities on the reservation. Many tribes are developing taxation programs that will raise revenue to support long-term tribal development programs leading toward economic self-sufficiency.

Indians, then, know that the reservation system is the crucial force that permits them to remain separate and different. Tribalism, which has always been the Indian way, can persevere on the homeland but not in the cities. This can be seen in things as concrete as a tax exemption or a tribal judge, and in things as abstract as weaving in the old way or stalking elk on the shrouded back ridge where the family has always hunted. These all depend on the preservation of the islands.

THE TRIBES' HOLD on their land base has always been tenuous. From the time of the American Revolution through 1871, when Congress prohibited further treaty-making with Indian tribes, the tribes signed away title to most of the land within the lower forty-eight states.

The issues during that era are easy to grasp. The United States was militarily more powerful than the tribes, but the tribes remained reasonably formidable barriers to westward expansion. All of the treaties contained an essential *quid pro quo:* the tribes agreed to lay down their arms in exchange for the guarantee that specified remnants of their land would be "reserved" and remain under tribal control. Thus the reservation system was established.

Since the last of the Indian wars were fought in the nineteenth century, Indian land issues have been resolved in Congress rather than on the battlefield. The loss of Indian land and the threats to tribal autonomy, however, have not abated.

Reservation lands and their resources have long been coveted by powerful financial interests. Since the 1880s, tens of millions of acres of reservation land have been transferred to railroads, power companies, recreation interests, logging companies, and mining firms. Tribes have also seen significant inroads made against jurisdiction over

"If we ever close out the differentness on the islands,

their reservations. Most of this was implemented not by force or overt treachery but by sophisticated and complex federal legislation. Even today, a Philadelphia lawyer can read the basic laws and not perceive that their inevitable result was loss of tribal land, loss of the tribes' control over their own destinies, and a steady erosion of the strength of the reservation system. Such laws are legion, but the General Allotment Act, the several termination acts, and "Public Law 280" serve as good examples.

The General Allotment Act was passed in 1887 and resulted in the reduction of the total tribal land base from 150 million acres to 60 million acres over a period of five decades. The basic mechanism of the law did not provide on its face that any land would pass from Indian hands. Instead, it dictated that each head of household receive 160 acres of tribal land and that other tribal members receive lesser amounts. After a set period during which taxation and sale were forbidden, the allotments became subject to state taxation and could be sold by the allottee. The idea was that Indians would benefit from "private enterprise" rather than collective ownership.

The transfer of large amounts of reservation land from tribal to individual ownership brought about a revolutionary change to millions of acres of Indian land, a change that was fundamentally destructive to the Indians. Many were bilked by sharp-dealing land speculators to whom they sold their allotments for a song. In other cases, the tax collector's notice went unanswered, often because the Indian did not know English, and the land was lost at a deficiency sale.

In other cases, allotted land was not lost to non-Indians but became effectively unusable after the original allottee died. The original allottee's title would pass to several heirs and, in turn, to many more part-owners when those heirs died. There are now examples of "fractionated heirships" in which allotments are owned by great numbers of part-owners, sometimes running into the hundreds. They cannot possibly get together to agree on a single use of the land, and the law provides no effective solution. The land goes unused by anyone.

The General Allotment Act of 1887 also designated huge amounts of Indian land as "surplus." This was a euphemism for simply stripping the tribe of its title and transferring it to federal ownership. Most of it was then opened to homesteading by non-Indians.

In all, a startling ninety million acres of reservation land were lost through the General Allotment Act by indirection, under the cover of legislation designed to "benefit" Indians. As Teddy Roosevelt put it, "The General Allotment Act is a mighty pulverizing machine to break up the tribal mass. It acts directly upon the family and the individuals."

The allotment policy was finally discarded by Congress in 1934, and one gaping hole in the dike was plugged. The FDR years saw the passage of other statutes, all designed to bolster reservation jurisdiction and self-determination. But in the early 1950s Congress turned to termination, a policy which threatened to destroy all tribes that it touched.

Termination, hailed as the end of the "Indian problem," was initially imposed on three tribes with extensive holdings: the Menominees of Wisconsin, the "mixed-blood" Utes of Utah, and the Klamaths of Oregon; on more than one hundred small tribes of California and Oregon; and on several other tribes scattered across the country. Termination was slightly different for each of these tribes, but the rhetoric was always that termination would "free" them from paternalistic federal control. Senator Arthur V. Watkins of Utah, the prime mover behind termination, went so far as to declare: "Following in the footsteps of the Emancipation Proclamation of ninety-four years ago, I see the following words emblazoned in letters of fire above the head of Indians—THESE PEOPLE SHALL BE FREE!"

Reality proved to be the reverse of the promises. Reservation status of affected tribes was ended in all respects. Termination cut off all federal health, education, and welfare benefits, as well as the tax-exempt status of tribal lands. Tribal organizations were disbanded, and federal programs to the tribal councils phased out. No land remained over which to exert jurisdiction, and no tribal entity was left to exert it.

we will have closed out something in Indians and in ourselves."

The results of termination can often be seen by the naked eye. The old tribal building on the former reservation of the Siletz tribe has been ravaged by twenty years' growth of Oregon blackberry vines. On the high desert plateau of the terminated Southern Paiutes in Utah, the hot winds have blown the buildings to the ground.

The individual psychological costs were also great. Terminated Indians, lacking any reservation or other tribal identity, felt a deep personal loss. Other Indians disparaged them, saying that they were no longer Indians. Their tribes gone, many terminated Indians have gone to the cities or faded into the shadows of the former reservation, still not certain how or why their people were selected for a misguided social experiment. They live in a no-man's land between two societies.

Termination remains one of the most emotionally charged words in the Indian vocabulary. It destroyed some of the islands and threatened all of the others.

"Public Law 280," passed in 1953, was part of the termination philosophy. Tribes in several states were not terminated outright but instead saw jurisdiction over their reservations transferred from the tribe to the state. At that time *jurisdiction* was a foreign term on the reservations, and the tribes at first failed to comprehend the significant loss of control over their lives, which would be the cost of the jurisdictional provisions of Public Law 280. They soon realized the price as they faced non-Indian juries, prosecutors, tax collectors, and child-welfare workers.

Like the Allotment Act, termination and Public Law 280 have now been abandoned as federal policy. In 1968, Congress blocked the spread of Public Law 280 to additional reservations by providing that no state could assume jurisdiction over any reservation without the consent of the tribe. Termination was rejected verbally by President Nixon and by most other federal officials during the late 1960s and was finally laid to rest when the Menominee Restoration Act was passed in 1973. But even the Menominees bear financial and cultural scars, and thousands of other terminated Indians remain in limbo because their tribes are too poor and disorganized to wage the lengthy and expensive campaign necessary to pass major federal legislation.

Thus the Allotment Act, termination, and Public Law 280—sophisticated and indirect though they may have been—all took deadly aim at the reservation system. Those policies, by varying methods, all cut away at the key elements of the reservation system: jurisdiction, tribal sovereignty, the land base, and federal social services.

The Nixon years were good for Indians—indeed, it may have been the greatest Indian administration in history. Half of Mount Adams was returned to the Yakima Reservation in Washington in order to correct nineteenth-century "surveying errors" that had cost the tribe some twenty-one thousand acres. The Taos Pueblo of New Mexico achieved the return of its sacred Blue Lake. Other tribes, including the Colvilles of Washington, the Warm Springs of Oregon, and the Cocopah of Arizona, saw boundary errors corrected. Termination was reversed by the Menominee Restoration Act. Comprehensive education, health, and tribal development bills were passed.

Sweeping legislation was passed in 1972 and 1975 to temper paternalism by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, the federal agency that administers Indian policies. The central concept is "contracting," which permits tribes to run their own programs. Historically, for example, BIA employees have built and operated Indian reservation schools. Contracting permits a tribe to receive the funds directly, build its own school, and then manage it through an all-Indian school board. Through contracting, tribes—not the BIA—can establish and operate housing programs, social-service programs, and resource plans. The potential for tribal powers, responsibilities, and self-determination has thus been significantly increased. Whether reluctant bureaucrats will stifle this potential remains to be seen, but the promise is great.

The 1970s have also marked the first great returns to Indians from the courts. Indian tribes and individuals have won an impressive bundle of victories protecting treaty rights, expanding land bases, limiting state jurisdiction on

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PORTRAIT FOR A WESTERN ALBUM

by Valerie Mathes

"On saturday we had an anatomy examination," first-year medical student Susan La Flesche reported to her sister in 1887. "It was lovely. I had made a . . . point to study certain bones and we were asked to describe those very bones . . . so I got on swimmingly." A student at Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, Susan was entering a field that until the nineteenth century had been open only to men. Even more unusual, she was an Omaha Indian, who upon graduation at the head of her class, would become the first Indian woman doctor of medicine.

Tall, slender, and dark-eyed, Susan was the youngest and liveliest of the four gifted daughters of Joseph La Flesche, the last recognized chief of the Omaha tribe, and his half-blood wife Mary Gale. Though La Flesche raised his children to revere their Indian heritage, he was convinced that his people would have to adjust to the ways of the dominant white society. By the time Susan was born in 1865, the La Flesche family had moved out of the traditional earthen lodge of their tribe and into a two-story frame house on the Nebraska reservation. There La Flesche encouraged his children in their schooling, where they all showed great promise. Following in the footsteps of her sister Susette, Susan went east to attend the Elizabeth Institute for Young Ladies in New Jersey, then returned to work at the reservation school.

It was during this period that anthropologist Alice Fletcher, working among the Omaha, fell ill with rheumatic fever, and eighteen-year-old Susan skillfully nursed her back to health. "I recall a young girl," Fletcher remembered long afterward, "who watched beside my bed when I lay ill among the Indians. She told me how she desired to study medicine, that she might instruct her Indian friends in the laws of health and minister to them in sickness. I determined as I saw her mental ability that she should have her wish."

Soon afterwards Susan spent two years studying at famed Hampton Institute in Virginia before entering medical school. After receiving her prized medical degree, she returned to serve her people. Active and immensely energetic, she plunged eagerly into her work as physician to the reservation school and later to the entire tribe. In addition, she lectured frequently on personal health and served as teacher, interpreter, and social worker. In later years, John Neihardt, author of *Black Elk Speaks*, was especially impressed by her skill as a public speaker. "She spoke simply," he wrote, "and she had a most effective way of increasing the impact of a climactic sentence by withholding it in silence. . . . During such a time, one could feel the tension building in the audience. Her face grew lighter, and she seemed to vibrate with intensity of feeling. Then, in a low voice, she said it!"

Susan never refused a call for help. Night and day, regardless of weather, she attended the needs of her patients, at first journeying over the rough country roads on horseback and later in a small buggy. But a severe ear infection eventually forced her to retire temporarily from her arduous schedule. Soon afterwards she married Henry Picotte, brother-in-law of her sister Marguerite. For a time the Picotte's lived in Bancroft, Nebraska, where Susan continued to practice medicine from an office in her home. Here she quickly won the respect of local doctors. One dark night, at the urgent request of two doctors, she helped at a particularly difficult delivery. Later one of the doctors reported that mother and child were doing well, "thanks to the skill of Dr. Susan."

Tragically, Susan's husband had begun to drink excessively, and because of this she became an active temperance reformer. She successfully obtained a government ruling prohibiting the sale of liquor in newly established towns on Omaha land. But such victories were not equaled at home, and in 1905, due to complications from drinking, her husband died, leaving her the sole support of an invalid mother and two small boys. For the remainder of her life, Susan continued to fight against alcoholism. Once, asked about the history of liquor traffic among her people, she bluntly stated, "We find the Omaha Indian before the advent of the whiteman a fine specimen of manhood, physically and morally of good health, [but] after we find physical degeneration of the Indian." Following her husband's death, Susan was appointed missionary to her tribe by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions—the first Indian to hold such a position.

Years of town living had not erased from her memory the long days and nights spent on horseback, hurrying to reach a desperately ill patient. Since those days, Susan had dreamed of a hospital to serve the Omaha, and with the help of various philanthropic organizations, her vision became a reality in 1913. Sadly, however, the new hospital at Walthill came too late for Susan herself to practice medicine there. The serious infection that had already caused her intense pain and deafness took her life on September 18, 1916, at age fifty-one. In her honor, the hospital she had helped build was renamed the Dr. Susan Picotte Memorial Hospital. Thus passed into history a remarkable Indian woman who had dedicated her life to the health and well-being of her people. It was said that during her lifetime, she had treated virtually every member of the tribe she loved so well. **AW**

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WALKER

COLLECTION OF KATHLEEN MITCHELL

by Jack Burrows

I HAVE ALWAYS FELT DEPRIVED for having only a child's memory of Walker. I regret that he was no longer alive when, as a man, I had learned his language and might have talked with him in his mountain aerie and listened to his stories of the days before the white man came to California. I am told he loved the seasons, when the earth changed and renewal began. I wish that I had sat with the *uya-ti*, the old man, before his *kotca*, his house, while he told me of the seasons and what they meant to him and to his people: of the fall, when the brown-jacketed acorns, the *wilisa*, lay in raked windrows under the October-gold oaks for the women to gather in the *tcikele*, the burden baskets. In the winter I would have heard and recorded his stories in the frail, storm-lashed cabin, seated before the stone fireplace where the flames blazed like *hiema*, the sun. In the spring we would have watched the grass sprout among the winter sere and smelled the flowering chaparral that lay in opulent white swatches along the ridges. We would have listened to the sounds from the *pulaiu*, the valley below, and to the sigh of the *wakalu*, the stream that flowed through it. From Bald Mountain above us we would have listened carefully to the song of *oletcu*, the coyote, while Walker told me how *oletcu* spoke to the Indian and one day summoned his spirit. And in the summer we would have sat late, listening to the land talk, to the singing mice, and watching *eplali*, the rabbit, play and mate in the moon-ripe grass. We would have lived with all senses open.

I did not do any of these things. I have had to seek Walker through the fragmented stories of old-timers who knew him. But I have lived richly with his spirit. Let me tell you:

Walker was a very old Miwok Indian. He was born in the Sierra foothills of Calaveras County, probably around 1815. He was a young man when the first white men, the miners, swarmed into the little valleys that would soon bear names like Vallecito, Douglas Flat, and Murphys, and commenced digging along the willow-sheathed streams. There is an old-timer story that Walker was both frightened and fascinated by these strange white men; that he thought they were gods from another world; that he hid among the surrounding bluffs for days, watching and listening; and that when he finally approached a party of miners, they were friendly, and one gave him a white straw hat. Walker confirmed part of the story: "*Wan Alleni-k* [white man], he shake hands, he give Walker wan hat. Walker no wear Eenjun clothes no more."

And he didn't. But he *had* met white men before, in 1844 to be exact. One was John C. Frémont, the other Kit Carson. It was Carson, as we shall see, whom Walker remembered.

No one knows how Walker got his name. In an age when California Indians were contemptuously given names that suited the white man's whimsy or reflected his cruelty, names often prefixed with *Indian* or *Old*—Old Flattire, Old Limpy, Old Palsy, Indian Jim, Indian Jack, Indian

Jess—or names more redolent of the antebellum South, slave names—Aaron, Tuna (a blind Indian who played the harmonica), John Brown, Johnny Tecumseh, Johnny Jack, and Abraham and Mary Lincoln—*Walker* seems strangely without derivation or origin. One old timer thought he might have been named for the scout Joseph Reddeford Walker, who was known to have been in the area, and who was especially decent to Indians. An old part-Indian trapper told me the name could have come from the *kalte*, the circular dance performed in the round houses, the *hani*, where Walker's exuberance and endurance were storied.

Walker was not a name, though, that bore any kind of totemic association nor was it earned by an act of bravery in hunting or war. Walker belonged to no warrior society, wore no feathers or war paint, counted no *coup*, took no scalps, killed and mutilated no enemy, sat in no councils with the white man, "touched no pen" to a treaty. His name appears in no military journals or histories. No famous generals celebrate his bravery in their memoirs.

Responding peacefully to the invasion of their lands as centuries of culture had taught them to respond, Walker and his people watched in wonder as the white men tore at the willowed stream beds, drove stakes into the ground in mysterious configurations, threw up mountains of dirt, and sank awesomely deep "glory holes" into the red earth; watched and wondered when the white men would find what they sought, and having found it, leave. But the white men kept coming, now a new kind who did not work the streams and the shiny ore veins that ran along the ridges, but who cleared and burnt the oak groves where the Miwok's basic food, the acorns, were gathered in the summer and fall, and laid back the earth in smooth, dark furrows behind the plodding horse and put the land to a mysterious and unnatural seed. The yellow- and sugar-pine groves were cut and sawn into boards. Houses grew from the earth. Rivers and streams were dammed, and wooden flumes carried water to the land. Salmon no longer swam against the tessellated bottoms of deep, clear-running channels. Deer and bear became scarce. The white men invaded sacred places, molested grave sites in the belief the Indians buried gold with their dead.

The symbols of their observed world, which told them who and what they were, were destroyed; the rituals that confirmed them, permanently interrupted. Their vital harmony with the earth, the sky, the birds and animals was gone; the serenity of a oneness with nature shattered. Their behavior became an explicit reflection of the white man's attitude. There was left only the accommodation of dependence and survival, submission to the white man's arrogant repertoire of stereotypes, his inexplicably harsh and grating changes of voice timbre when talking to them, his rude and direct approaches and assumed familiarity with their language, his disrespect for their customs. Reduced by disease, hunger, and brutality to a haunting presence, they hung timidly to the fringes of what was now clearly and irrevocably the white man's world, permitted to live in his barns and sheds and chicken coops. Some begged enough discarded wood scraps and boards to build clusters of shacks near sacred burial places. The white man used the Spanish term for these: *rancherías*. They wore an absurd mix of cast-off clothing. The women wore ground-length dresses, always dyed black, whether scavenged burlap or begged or given cloth. The squat, broad-faced men wore discarded coats and trousers, and they pulled tattered hats down over thick, spiky hair with a grim resolve. When they could get them, they knotted red or blue bandanas about their necks. The patience and craft that went into the making of lovely baskets with mysterious geometrical designs, which could hold boiling water and acorn *hartoli*, died in the white man's refuse heaps, which the women now methodically sifted for battered pots and pans and kettles. There was left only the will to survive. Every Indian carried a *chomuck* sack and begged whatever the white man or woman would give. At the end of a day a *chomuck* might contain a pinch of tobacco, a discarded pipe, a small jar of coffee, a loaf of bread, two or three ears of corn, a bunch of carrots, a can of soup, and several tins of dog or cat food.

Walker accommodated the white man, too. He sang and danced for an occasional dinner and to fill his *chomuck* sack, and he begged clothing when he needed it. "Kitty," he would say plaintively to Catherine Gianelli of Douglas Flat, "Walker need shoes." The kindly Mrs. Gianelli would send him to the store with a note, and presently Walker would reappear, smiling, new shoes squeaking.

History's glimpse of Walker is almost entirely anecdotal, even though he shuffled in and out of the white man's vision (but apparently not his consciousness) for over three-quarters of a century. All the old timers who knew him agreed that Walker liked to talk, especially about the old days before the white man came and about the changes the white man had brought to himself and to his people. No one recorded what he said. History had sat too close to be seen, too ridiculously garbed for recognition. The historical lacunae created by stereotypy (Walker did not look like a Sioux warrior) and indifference leaves us with only the quaint anecdote and vague compliment to mark his existence: "He was a good old Indian." "Quite a character . . ." "A very dependable person." Today's militant Indians, if they knew about Walker, might well consider him to have been an "Uncle Tom Tom," an "Uncle Tomahawk," or an "Apple." No bumper sticker will ever exhort us to "Remember Walker." We will "Remember Crazy Horse" and "Sitting Bull." We will remember "Geronimo—Freedom Fighter." We will even "Remember Gall."

IF IT IS PRESUMPTUOUS of me to say that I think I know Walker, now, better than those who knew him when he lived, then so be it. I can barely remember when he came

to my aunt's house and sang and danced for his dinner. I was even afraid of him. But simply from what I have been able to piece together from scores of casual reminiscences by old timers, I have come to believe that Walker, unlike other Indians of his time, accepted the white man as a profound physical and spiritual reality, as much a part of the natural order of things as the Indian, rather than as some intrusive chimerical manifestation that would miraculously disappear if only the proper prayer or ritual could be found. No compelling ceremony or cause drew his attention. He embraced no messianic movement, though he must have heard through the wonders of the Indian grapevine of Wovoka, the Paiute whose Ghost-Dance religion grew like a dust devil over in the Nevada desert and sucked even eastern tribes into its vortex.

I believe Walker to have been a genuine American tragedy, not for what he was but for what he might have been. From repeated fragments of his conversations, it is obvious that the old man had a strong sense of continuity, of history, and of his place in it. He knew that the totality of his life was more than simply what had happened to him, more than a personally painful transition from one culture to another. He knew that he was unique because his long life had spanned two distinctly opposite civilizations. He was filled with wonder that this should have happened during his time, and his strong sense of oral tradition demanded that he pass on his knowledge. But there was only the white man to tell it to, and he did not listen.

Walker lived his life as an Indian. He lived with his wife, Susanna, at Duck Bar on the Stanislaus River, where he speared salmon and seined trout and whitefish from shallow pools. He sold the fish in Vallecito and Murphys. Walker and Susanna had a daughter, Sara, who married an Englishman, a forty-niner. When Susanna died, Walker left the river and moved into the hill country near Murphys, where he built a small, two-roomed, turf-chimneyed cabin atop an oak- and pine-stippled knoll under the loom of Bald Mountain, a great slumping promontory that jutted northwest from a flat volcanic ridge. The cabin faced east into the rising sun, which crested the shoulder of Bald Mountain. Seventy-five feet from the front door, in an umbrageous cave of live oak and blue-needled digger pine, a spring welled from the soft earth and trickled into a hole Walker had scooped out and set with flat stones. To the west, the hill plunged sharply into a chaparral- and manzanita-choked gulch, but just under its lip was a wide, flat, stone ledge pocked with mortar holes. Mary, the woman Walker would soon live with, would use the conical basins to pound acorns into meal just as other women had used them before her. In her time, she would make them deeper and smoother.

Walker was environed by the spacious sights and sounds of the Indian world. In the mornings he sang to *hiema* as it rose over Bald Mountain. "Sun need help, too," he told rancher Fred Kenney. "No sun, no man." He watched the

WALKER'S CABIN IN 1965

PHOTOGRAPH BY HELEN BURROWS

long, looping flights of *palatata*, the red-headed woodpecker, and heard the drumming of his big brother, the speckle-breasted, orange-winged *tiwaiu*, the yellowhammer, among the *molla*, the white oak, up under the ridge; saw and listened carefully to squawking *taiti*, the bluejay, who warned of danger and flew in short, suspicious flights, indignant bursts of blue against the green of the pines. And later in the day, with the sun adumbrating the shadowed hollows of Bald Mountain, he followed the vortical circling of *tcuhu*, the buzzard, who ate the dead things and so kept the earth clean. He heard the rhythmic and satisfying *chump chump* as Mary worked her *kawatci*, her pestle, in the mortar holes on the ledge and watched as she carried the mashed *wilisa*, the acorn meal, to the spring where she leached out the tannic acid in the cold water.

He watched the hollow oak that caught the rainwater and kept it cool, where his brothers, the woodpeckers, hooked on little ice-tong claws and braced against iron-stiff tails, drank, their red heads rising and falling like wild flowers blowing in the wind.

In the evenings he sat quietly, watching the delicate *uwuya*, the deer, walking their leg-and-neck coordinated walk in the pine grove to the north or browsing watchfully, long ears working, in the sunstruck grass on the ridges. He heard the *hekeke*, the quail, rustling and chuckling in the live oaks around the spring and now and again calling lagging members in to roost: *hekeke*, *hekeke*. At dusk he smiled at the ecstatic mating screams of *eplali*, the jackrabbit. But in the night he listened carefully to the song of *oletcu*, the coyote, who had helped to create the world, and he knew that one day his own spirit would be borne in the coyote's wail.

Walker was not a crabbed and bitter old man living resentfully on an isolated hilltop. He lived with all senses open and receptive, even to the white man. As he grew older and the sights and sounds of the forest were mixed with the presence and noise of the *tookoolooloo*, the automobile, in the valley below, he knew that his was a lingering but passing consonance with the land, and he savored it. When the natural cycle of a day was not disrupted, and he sat and looked and listened and felt, he was restored.

EVEN IN HIS HILL, though, the white man had become the dominant presence. Cattle were pastured among the grassy ridges and fouled his spring. Horsemen from the Adams—later Kenney—ranch in the valley below passed by regularly and stopped to talk to him in their self-consciously gruff voices. In the deer and quail seasons the natural order and tranquility of his hill were disturbed by the shooting and by hunters who did not hesitate to pile into his cabin unasked against sudden rainsqualls. Every week or so Walker slung his *chomuck* sack over his shoulder and walked to Murphys. He followed a trail down through the pines to *wakalu*, the stream the white men now

COLLECTION OF LOTTIE STEPHENS

COLLECTION OF LOTTIE STEPHENS

called Peppermint Creek, where the *lapisaiyu*, the fish, swam in the grapevined and willowed shade of the deeper pools. He passed through the Adams-Kenney ranch and kept to the back fields until he crested Cemetery Hill, the marbled and piney resting place of Murphys's Protestants and indigents. Soon Walker himself would lie buried there and later, Mary.

Under the brow of Cemetery Hill, a hundred yards below where the land flattens and runs with the curve of the hills, is my aunt's home. It was always Walker's first stopping place in Murphys. A trail, once a wagon road, led down the hill to her back door. As Walker picked his way carefully down the hillside, working his cane, he would begin a low, humming chant that grew louder as he approached the house. It was his way of announcing his presence.

I remember the first and only time I was at my aunt's when Walker came. The resonant humming suddenly and insistently intruded on the babble of voices. My aunt looked out the window. "Walker's coming," she said. We went out onto the porch. The old man came up, using his cane, and still humming.

"Hello, *haiapu*," my aunt said. "*Hockinim*?" (Hello, chief. Hungry?) The humming trailed off to a sigh. "Hello," he said slowly. "*Hu. Hockinim. Uwu strocco. Strocco*." (Yes. Hungry. Eat. Tired. Tired.)

He stood leaning on his cane. He was now very old and near death. There was a rheumy opacity to his eyes, and his profile was drawn into a tight, deep V from years without teeth. His high-boned face was lightly rufescent and splayed with deep wrinkles, and there was a livid sore on the side of his nose that did not heal. He wore a white beard, but the hair on his head, clipped short, was iron gray. The front of his dirty and patched trousers bulged against an untended hernia. He lived alone, now, on his hill. When he grew infirm Mary had left him for a squaw man in Douglas Flat. There was no one to gather acorns and make *hartoli* and acorn bread. He was completely dependent upon the whites.

My aunt brought him into the house and seated him at the kitchen table. She spread a circle of food before him, and we sat watching. He ate methodically, carefully, silently, with total preoccupation and without self-consciousness, though with a steady and consummating hunger. He finished his meal with a whole loaf of bread soaked with great concentration in his coffee. Then he pushed his chair back and looked at us for the first time. He smiled out of the taut and sunken mouth, and the old rheumy eyes came alive. Suddenly he jumped up and began dancing and singing, stamping his feet: "*Hi-Yu-Ma-Ki-Yu-Ki-Le*." It was his way of saying thanks, and it was a blessing on the house. He shook hands all around. Then he picked me up and danced with me and gave me his blessing.

Walker always left Murphys the way he came. My aunt would walk out when she heard the chanting to see if his

chomuck sack had been filled. She always managed to stuff something more into it, and their conversation was always the same:

"You *hockinim*, now *haiapu*?"

"No *hockinim*." He would pat the bulging sack. "Plenty food."

"*Minniewooxum*?" (Where you going?)

"*Hisum*." (Mountains.)

He would walk slowly up the trail, picking his way with the cane, the old back burdened under the heavy *chomuck* sack, the great rupture welling in his trousers, and pass over the pine-tufted, tombstone-spiked hill. "Me hunert-thirteen," he told my aunt on one of his last visits. It was nearly five miles to his cabin.

BUT THERE WAS ONE singular and enduring night of escape from anecdotal confinement to Walker's miraculous herbal curatives and ministrations, to his quaint remarks that no one seemed to notice as verging on philosophic thought. And on this one night the old Indian on the hilltop expressed a view that transcended race and culture with a surpassing concept of man in his universe as yet blindly incapable of observing a common humanity. It was at once a sorrowing paean on the passing of his people and their way of life, and the expression of his personal belief that a greater humanity might have evolved in the merging of the two cultures, or at least in the recognition and understanding of each other, had the white man's senses been fully receptive to the external and natural world. Ironically, we are indebted to a young French emigrant, Mike Marshal, for the story. I do not know when Marshal arrived in America or when he came to Murphys. In his old age he was my neighbor, and he told me the story when I was thirteen or fourteen. Here it is, as I remember it:

Marshal was a farmer. In his search for a farmstead, he hit upon the notion of planting the black, volcanic soil on the ridge behind Bald Mountain. He built a small cabin a half mile above Walker's, bought a team, a plow and harrow, and commenced farming. I do not know how long Marshal farmed on Bald Mountain, or even what he planted, but he and Walker became close friends. Of evenings, Marshal would walk down through the pines to Walker's cabin. Often the old Indian made his way up the hillside to the Frenchman's shack. They would sit, smoking, saying little as they looked out across the valley. But on each visit Walker methodically taught Marshal new Indian words, which he insisted that the young Frenchman repeat. He would point to the Sierra. "*Hisum*." If a quail called or a coyote howled he would hold up his hand for silence: "*hekeke*," he would say, "*oletcu*." Once when a fire sprang up on Rocky Hill across the valley, Walker pointed to the blaze: "*Wuke*," he said. "*Wuke*." Then he gestured with both hands toward the smoke-filled sky, making circular motions: "*Hakisu—hakisu*." When Marshal drove his cart to Murphys, he always brought supplies back for Walker. The old Indian insisted on identifying whatever was fetched in his own tongue: "*yoko*," bread; "*huku*," meat.

One mid-January evening, a storm came up. Taking a look out the door, Marshal could see the Stanislaus Canyon filling with black clouds. Lightning had begun to crackle, and thunder pounded the canyon walls. The canescent flank of Bald Mountain glistened with rain. Marshal thought of Walker and Mary in the cabin below. The storm looked like a bad one. If it lasted several days, the two might run out of food. He stuffed a bag of beans, a loaf of bread, several cans of soup, and a tin of coffee into a sack. He shrugged into his slicker, pulled on his gum boots, and snapped his rain hat under his chin. He grabbed up the sack and stepped outside.

The rain was heavy, now, and cold, driven by powerful northeast gusts, and water had begun to run in the gulches. As he made his way down the slippery hillside, he saw smoke coming from both the chimney and stovepipe. When he got to the pine grove, he could see a crack of light glowing under the door. The rain poured, and he hurried through the live oaks by the spring and rapped hard on the door, against the howling wind. Inside, Walker called out, "*He!*"

Marshal raised the latch and stooped in, quickly closing the door. Walker sat at a small table near the stove. There was a lantern on the table with the wick turned up full, and beside it, an empty Hills Brothers coffee can. Mary had just taken a pan of acorn bread from the oven, and there was a pot of coffee on the stove. Marshal handed her the sack, and she smiled and nodded. Walker motioned him to the table. "Come," he said. His voice was soft.

Marshal hung his coat and hat on a peg. He took a chair across from the old Indian. Walker stared at the lantern. Marshal could not have known the lantern was a careful and numinous method of illumination. Mary sliced the hot acorn bread and set it on the table. She brought two tincups and poured coffee. Then she padded silently into the back room, her long black skirts brushing the floor.

Walker spoke quietly, as though in harmonic accompaniment with the beating rain and the tearing wind, as though it were a natural time for important talk. "*Timele* [thunder], he talk," he said. "*Hena* [wind], he talk. *Nuka* [rain] he come. Plenty *yoko*. Plenty *wuke*. Walker, he talk." He took a slice of acorn bread and ate absently. Marshal sensed the night was important to the old Indian and he sat quietly. After a long silence, Walker began: "Looong time ago, plenty Eenjun, plenty food. Plenty *wilisa*, plenty *yoko*, plenty *huku*. Plenty *eplali*, plenty *uwuya*, plenty *kukunu* [salmon]. Make big *wuke*, *uwu*, *kalte*, *muli-ni* [made big fires, ate, danced and sang]. *Usumati* [grizzly bear] live with Eenjun. Live *here*." He waved his hand

Continued on page 70

WESTERN HISTORY TODAY

A missing brass treasure box, placed in an unmarked cornerstone of the **Nevada State Capitol** in 1870, has been found. Workmen renovating the silver-domed building chipped into a wall and discovered the box in the northeast corner—right where it was supposed to have been placed in 1870. Previously, sophisticated detection equipment had failed to locate the box. Opened in the presence of the governor and other dignitaries, the box was found to contain Carson mint coins dated 1870, other coins and bills, and two silver bullion bars—today worth a total of $20,000. The box also held souvenirs and records of the period, including a spelling book and an unusual news sheet in Welsh placed in the box by Virginia City's Welsh citizens. The contents of the box will be on display at the Nevada State Museum in the Old Mint Building until the capitol has been completely renovated.

Northwest Coast Indian art from the American Museum of Natural History will be on display at the **Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County** through August 15, and at the **Seattle Art Museum** from September 21 through November 4.

The Buffalo Bill Historical Center in **Cody, Wyoming** will display an extensive collection of historic **Wyoming photographs** from May 1 through September 30. Entitled "Wyoming: In the Eye of Man," the show will commemorate early-day photographers and the history they recorded from the 1850s to the 1920s.

The unique **Kam Wah Ching & Company Museum** in **John Day, Oregon,** will be open this year from May through October. Listed on the National Register of Historic Places, the museum contains thousands of artifacts used by its Chinese occupants during the nineteenth century, when more than 4,000 Chinese miners lived in the area. Built in the 1860s by Chinese laborers as a trading post, the stone building has served as a general store, office for a noted Chinese herbal physician, and Chinese temple.

"Fact, Fantasies and Films of the Old West" will be the theme of a **Utah State University** summer school symposium, July 23–25 in Logan. The symposium will precede the annual rendezvous of the **National Association and Center for Outlaws and Lawman History,** July 25–28. For further information write "NOLA," Merrill Library, Utah State University, Logan, Utah 84322.

"Omaha Then and Now," a **photographic exhibition depicting Omaha** from the early 1860s to the present, will be on display June 2 through July 12 at the **Western Heritage Center, Omaha.**

Manuscripts, maps, coins, medals, American Indian artifacts and weapons, English costumes and armor, navigational instruments, and even some treasure recently recovered from a Spanish galleon sunk off the Florida coast will be on view at the **Oakland Museum** during its celebration of the **four-hundredth anniversary of Sir Francis Drake's navigation of the globe.** The June 17 opening of the exhibit will coincide with a week-long international symposium cosponsored by the state of California's Sir Francis Drake Commission and the UCLA Center for Medieval and Renaissance Studies.

Drake, a spectacularly successful privateer, stopped for six weeks in California in 1579 after searching fruitlessly for the fabled Northwest Passage. Disagreement persists today about the exact location of his anchorage.

The West's jack-of-all-trades, the **blacksmith,** is the subject of current exhibit at the **Western Heritage Center** in **Billings, Montana.**

The National Museum of Man in Ottawa, Ontario, is sponsoring two traveling exhibitions: "Contemporary Canadian Indian Art," scheduled at the **Maltwood Museum** and Gallery in **Victoria,** British Columbia through June 11, and "Shamans and Spirits: Myths and Medical Symbolism in Eskimo Art," appearing at the **Glenbrow-Alberta Institute** in **Calgary** through June.

An exhibit illustrating **European influence on traditional American Indian designs** and techniques will be at the **Denver Museum of Natural History** through July 15. The exhibit, called "Many Hands," draws from the extensive Plains, Plateau, and Prairie materials of Denver-area collector L. D. Bax. The "many-hands" motif is taken from the beaded design on a shirt once owned by Daniel Black Horn, an Oglala Sioux. The shirt was made by Black Horn's wife after his first trip to Europe with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in the early 1900s. Hand designs, repeated in many colors, represent the many handshakes Black Horn received from European royalty.

"The Chinese in Arizona and Northern Mexico, 1880–1937," opened April 22 at the **Arizona Historical Society** in Tucson. Documenting the early experiences of the Chinese in the region, the exhibit includes historic photographs, documents, and artifacts illustrating the problems the Chinese faced in the early West as well as their contributions.

"Masterworks of Pueblo Pottery" will be on display at the **Heard Museum, Phoenix,** from May 20 through the summer.

The Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service (SITES) has begun circulation of an exhibit of photographs and descriptive material entitled **"Reborn Buildings: New Uses, Old Places."** The exhibit, now at the Smithsonian's **Renwick Gallery, Washington, D.C.,** examines the new life given to older buildings through imaginative adaptation. It illustrates fifty-one projects, ranging from well-known Ghirardelli Square in San Francisco to the Amador Hotel, now the Citizens Bank of Las Cruces, New Mexico.

Southwest Indian photographs by Jerry Jacka will be on display at the **Museum of Man, San Diego,** through September 4. Jacka is well-known for his photos of "living Indian villages," and these as well as others depicting Indian arts, crafts, and culture will be on view. **AW**

KIT CARSON

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Though he was one of America's most famous frontiersmen, photographs of this legendary figure are difficult to find. Fortunately, Mathew Brady—the famed photographer—acquired a rare daguerreotype of Carson, copied it and added the resulting glass-plate negative to his collection, preserving for posterity this likeness of the great pioneer. The Brady negative is today a part of the priceless Meserve Collection. And now, by special arrangement with the trustees, TIME-LIFE BOOKS is bringing the portrait back to life.

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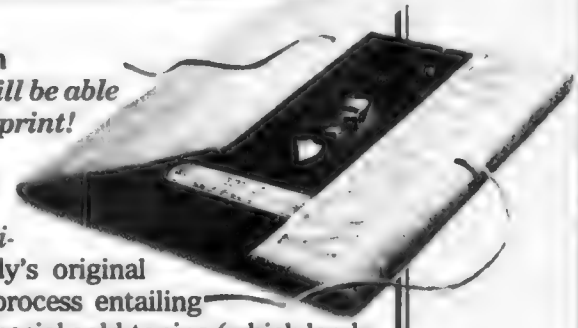

Precisely 1,000 enlargements of the *Kit Carson* portrait are being *archivally printed* from Brady's original glass-plate negative—a process entailing hours of handwork and special gold-toning (which lends the image a warm brown tone) in order to achieve museum standards and ensure maximum permanence. Each print in the Limited Edition will carry its own hand-written authentication number and the certifying signature of a Trustee of the Collection. Once the edition has been completed, no further signed, numbered prints will be archivally printed from the original glass-plate negative.

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THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW

Best Books on Native Americans

A selection by Michael A. Dorris

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN SUGGESTED that if Europeans hadn't encountered Indians in America they would have had to invent them. Just as Caesar had done to their ancestors, latter-day Gauls, Britons, and Visigoths came, saw, and conquered, and in so doing, according to some social historians, in large part formed the American national character.

But what has almost as often been overlooked is the fact that "invent them" is precisely what they did! Beliefs about the lifestyles, value systems, or aesthetics of Native Americans, from the Puritans' "Heathen Devils" to the frontiersmen's "Pesky Redskins," bore virtually no correlation to any actual indigenous society. Indians were represented, for the most part, not as they *were*, but rather either as they were *not* (e.g., non-Christian) or as European self-interest would have them be (e.g., "vanishing" or "warlike"). For most of the past five hundred years of contact, despite every opportunity for first-hand, empirical observation and reportage, stereotypes about Native American culture and behavior have had more to do with the medieval Teutonic "wild man of the forest" myth than with ethnographic reality.

There is a tendency to explain away unpleasant or confusing historical events by suggesting that they were perpetrated by people who were but products of their time, individuals wearing the double blinders of ethnocentrism and expediency. The implication is that while an activity in progress is often conducted with muddled perceptions, the past is illuminated by distance. The history of scholarship concerning the American Indian abundantly supports this theory.

Certainly there has never been a period since 1492 without the publication of a variety of books about Indians. For the European, it was love/hate at first sight! Their "New World" was peopled by inhabitants so relatively exotic, diverse, and unexpected that every previous assumption about the nature and order of the universe seemed threatened. Legend, stories, and folklore about Indians have from the beginning found an insatiable mass audience; as a result, Indians have been the subject of countless thousands of narratives, romances, poems, plays, popular histories, textbook examples, commercials, and cartoons. However, with the notable exception of specialized anthropological monographs, this barrage has seldom contained substantive fact.

Some publications in recent years, particularly in the past decade, give encouragement to the notion that this tide may be turning. Works of both traditional and revisionist history such as Angie Debo's *History of the Indians of the United States* (Oklahoma, 1970), Wilcomb Washburn and Robert Utley's *The Indian Wars* (American Heritage, 1977), and Francis Jennings's *The Invasion of America* (North Carolina, 1975) far surpass, in their objectivity, perceptiveness, and insight, the vast majority of "contact history" that came before. Furthermore, the past ten years have seen the emergence of a series of tribal histories produced, either individually or collectively, by contemporary Native Americans; outstanding among these are N. Scott Momaday's lyrical and personal Kiowa retrospective, *The Way to Rainy Mountain* (New Mexico, 1969), Ethelou Yazzie's *Navajo History* (Navajo Community College Press, 1971) and Allen Slickpoo's culture and history of the Nez Perce, *Noon Nee Me Poo* (Nez Perce Tribe, 1973). The history of Indian land tenure and the rationale for current claims is cogently and concisely presented in Kirke Kickingbird and Karen Ducheneaux's *One Hundred Million Acres* (Macmillan, 1973).

Against the chaos of bad fiction dealing with Native peoples (or good fiction about bad Native people!), have emerged two outstanding novels which weave traditions of oral poetry and song into realistic and unromanticized accounts of contemporary Indian life. James Welch's *Winter in the Blood* (Harper & Row, 1974) and Leslie Silko's *Ceremony* (Viking, 1977) have been acclaimed among the best of recent American literature.

In 1969 an "Indian Manifesto," *Custer Died for Your Sins* (Macmillan) by the prolific Lakota attorney and educator Vine Deloria, Jr. used wit and sarcasm in a persuasive indictment of most official and customary Indian policy. In this and in his many later books, Deloria raised powerful issues of justice and the need for social change.

And finally, two books of very recent vintage help perhaps more than any others to put the history of Indian-white relations into proper perspective. Robert Berkhofer, Jr.'s *The White Man's Indian* (Knopf, 1978) makes very clear the manner and motivation for the manipulation of the image of the American Indian from Columbus to the present, and Ronald Sanders's *Lost Tribes and Promised Lands* (Little, Brown, 1978) brilliantly outlines the history of European thought which created the mythic Indian in its own image. The clarity of these books permits an understanding of the contact and clash of cultures unclouded by guilt, recrimination, and racist ideology.

So let the Red Man vanish, bite the dust, and be off to the Happy Hunting Ground—he's been around far too long. The Indian people outlined in the books described here are nothing like those cardboard cutouts beloved of boy scouts and vintage Hollywood movies. They're more complicated, more problematic, more interesting, more human. They're real. **AW**

Michael A. Dorris, a Modoc, is chairman of the Native American Studies Department at Dartmouth College. He is the author of Native Americans: 500 Years After.

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WESTERN BOOKS IN BRIEF

The American Indian Craft Book by Marz and Nono Minor *(University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1978; 416 pp., illus., index, $15.00 cloth, $4.95 paper).*

While describing the history and culture of various tribal groups, this book provides detailed, well-illustrated instructions for making many Indian handicrafts.

Eskimo Artifacts, Designed for Use by Paul and Mary Thiry *(Superior Publishing, Seattle, 1977; 344 pp., illus., index, $24.95).*

This lavishly illustrated, large-format volume portrays the beautiful, always useful handicrafts made by Eskimos before the introduction of firearms changed their way of life.

Dateline Fort Bowie: Charles Fletcher Lummis Reports on the Apache War, edited, annotated, and with an introduction by Dan L. Thrapp *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1979; 206 pp., illus., maps, appen., index, $10.95).*

Sent to Arizona by the *Los Angeles Times* in 1886 to report on the army's pursuit of Geronimo, the flamboyant Lummis produced this interesting group of reports.

Ooti: A Maidu Legacy by Richard Simpson *(Celestial Arts, Millbrae, California, 1977; 119 pp., illus., $6.95 paper).*

This slim, beautiful book tells the story, partly in her own words, of an elderly Maidu Indian woman living in the Sierra foothills of Northern California.

Eskimos and Explorers by Wendell H. Oswalt *(Chandler & Sharp Publishers, Novato, California, 1979; 349 pp., illus., maps, notes, appen., biblio., index, $15.00).*

In fascinating detail, a UCLA anthropologist who has spent twenty seasons among Eskimo groups describes their contact with the outside world from 1000 A.D. to the present.

Forlorn Hope: The Battle of White Bird Canyon and the Beginning of the Nez Perce War by John D. McDermott *(Idaho State Historical Society, Boise, 1978; 229 pp., illus., maps, appen., biblio., index, $9.95 cloth, $4.95 paper).*

Commissioned by the National Park Service after the Nez Perce National Historical Park was established, this book recounts the battle in the lower canyons of Idaho's Salmon River where U.S. troops were defeated by White Bird and his followers.

The Prairie People: Continuity and Change in Potawatomi Indian Culture, 1665–1965 by James A. Clifton *(Regents Press of Kansas, Lawrence, 1977; 529 pp., illus., maps, notes, appen., biblio., index, $22.50).*

Focusing on the Prairie Band of the Potawatomi, living today near Topeka, Kansas, this impressive study traces their history and culture back to prehistoric times.

Spirits of the Sacred Mountains: Creation Stories of the American Indian by William E. Coffer (Koi Hosh) *(Van Nostrand Reinhold, New York, 1978; 122 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $8.95).*

The author, of Choctaw and Cherokee descent and chairman of the American Indian Studies Program at Cal State, Fullerton, collected these authentic creation stories from tribal elders and spiritual leaders throughout North America.

Big Falling Snow: A Tewa-Hopi Indian's Life and Times and the History and Traditions of His People by Albert Yava, edited and annotated by Harold Courlander *(Crown Publishers, New York, 1978; 178 pp., illus., maps, notes, appen., biblio., index, $10.00).*

The autobiography of a Northern Arizona Indian born in 1888, this interesting account combines tribal and personal history.

The Southwestern Indian Detours by D. H. Thomas *(Hunter Publishing Company, Phoenix, 1978; 327 pp., illus., maps, $8.95 cloth, $5.95 paper).*

This interesting book describes the Fred Harvey/Santa Fe Railway efforts to entice tourists to the Southwest in the 1920s–1930s, "an experiment in roughing it, first class."

The Potawatomis: Keepers of the Fire by R. David Edmunds *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1978; 367 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $19.95).*

This scholarly history of the Potawatomis describes the tribe that was once the dominant group in the Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, and Southern Michigan region.

Weaving Arts of the North American Indian by Frederick J. Dockstader *(Thomas Y. Crowell, New York, 1978; 223 pp., illus., biblio., index, $22.95).*

A distinguished authority on American Indians surveys their textile artistry in this well-illustrated, large-format volume.

The Chippewas of Lake Superior by Edmund Jefferson Danzinger, Jr. *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1979; 263 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $14.95).*

A thorough study of the Lake Superior Chippewas, this book portrays a people that has successfully remained on its ancestral lands.

Hopi Painting: The World of the Hopis by Patricia Janis Broder *(Brandywine Press, E. P. Dutton, New York, 1978; 319 pp., illus., biblio., index, $25.00).*

In this well-illustrated, large-format book, Patricia Janis Broder provides insight into the painting, pottery, and craft designs of a remarkably creative people, who have maintained their ancient traditions in modern times. **AW**

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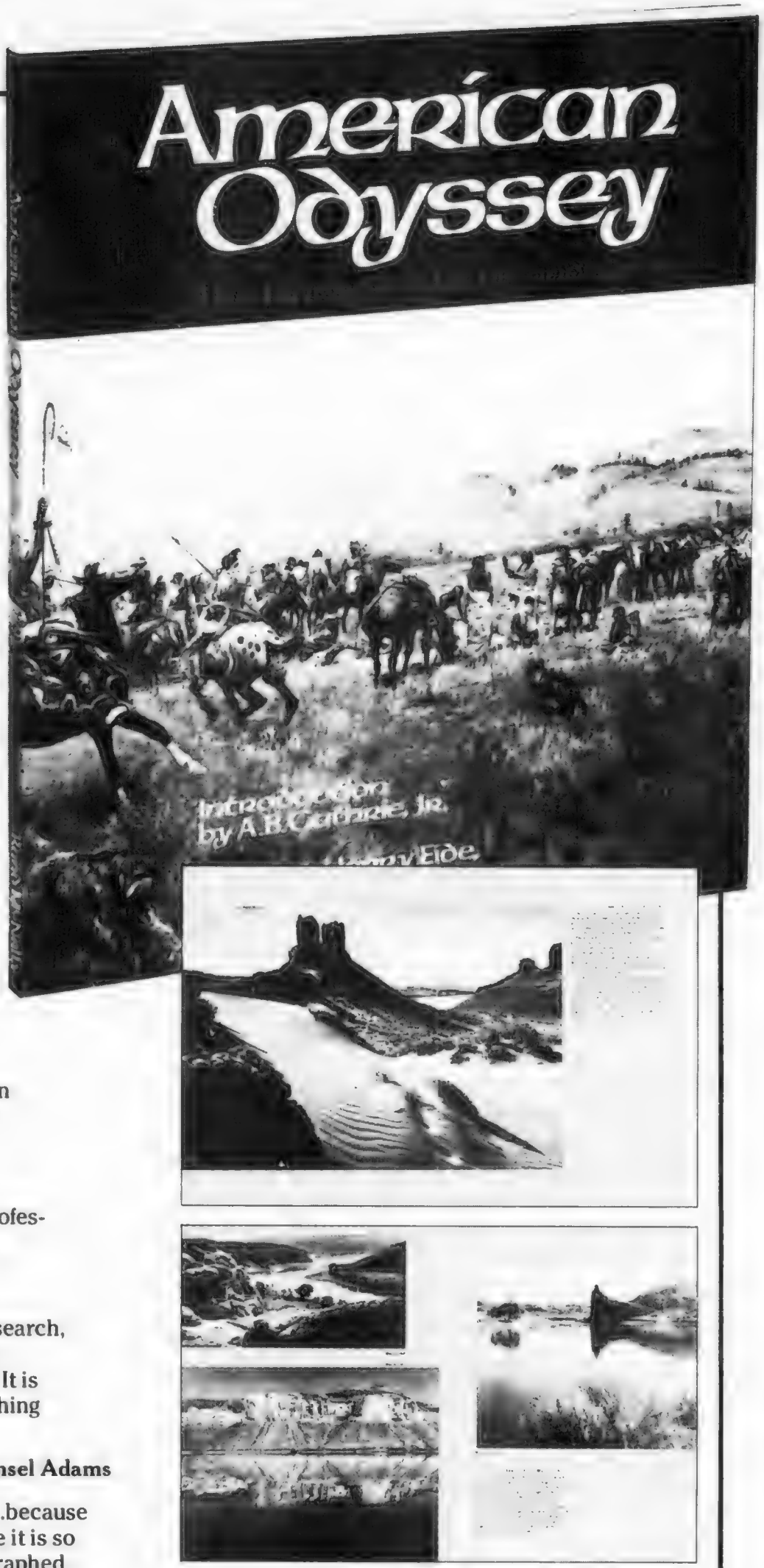

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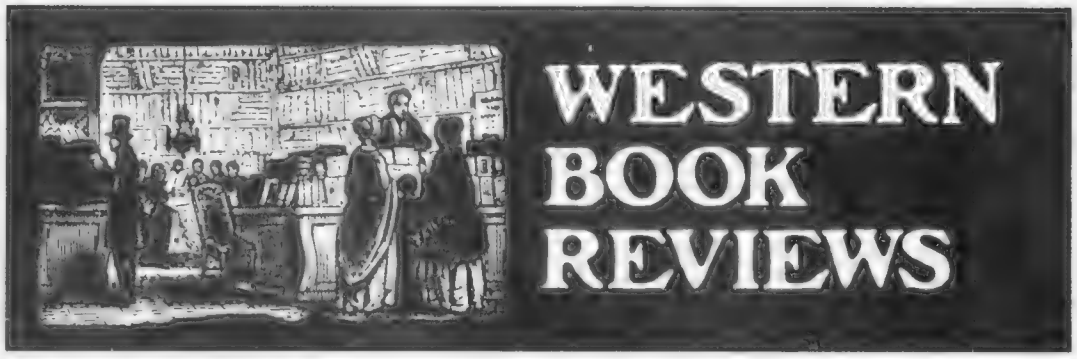

The White Man's Indian: Images of the American Indian from Columbus to the Present *by Robert F. Berkhofer, Jr. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1978; 281 pp., illus., notes, index, $15.00).*

Indian Life: Transforming an American Myth *edited by William W. Savage, Jr. (University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1977; 298 pp., intro., illus., $9.95).*

Reviewed by James J. Rawls

ATTITUDES toward the American Indians have been the subject of a number of important books in recent years. Studies by Roy Harvey Pearce, Gary B. Nash, Benjamin Keen and others have examined the image of the Indian as myth, symbol, and idea. Robert F. Berkhofer, Jr., has made the latest contribution to this particular genre of intellectual history with *The White Man's Indian.*

This ambitious and compelling book argues that in the nearly five hundred years of European contact with the natives of America the basic pattern of white perception has remained remarkably consistent. The success or failure of the book depends in large measure on whether the reader accepts this thesis of continuity and persistence in white attitudes or rejects it in favor of variety and change.

Berkhofer begins with a discussion of early contact literature and concludes that the Spanish, French, and English shared the belief that the native peoples of the New World were a single entity distinct from and inferior to Europeans, and that within this entity there were good (friendly, handsome, proud) Indians and bad (fiendish, filthy, superstitious) Indians. In his discussion of "the scientific image of the Indian," Berkhofer skillfully describes the emergence of modern cultural anthropology from nineteenth-century social science and maintains that even in recent ethnographic literature one finds "vestiges of the classic idea of the Indian." In his account of the Indian in literature and art he concludes that "the basic images of the good and bad Indian persist from the era of Columbus up to the present without substantial modification or variation."

Berkhofer's conclusion here stands in considerable contrast to Roy Harvey Pearce's analysis in *The Savages of America.* Pearce argues that the either-or convention of the noble and ignoble savage was dominant in fiction only until James Fenimore Cooper's time, when the dichotomy was subsumed by the larger, more inclusive convention of savagism.

In the final section of the book Berkhofer argues that behind the various Indian policies of the colonial powers and the United States lay a common, unchanging image of the Indian. Early on Berkhofer recognizes the danger of oversimplification in trying to establish a universal pattern of perception; and considering the different degrees of assimilation, conversion, miscegenation, labor exploitation, and exclusion on the various European and American frontiers, one may wonder whether the danger here has been altogether avoided. Nevertheless Berkhofer's book must be regarded as a masterful synthesis, one that is likely to provoke considerable controversy.

Indian Life: Transforming an American Myth, a collection of thirteen narrative descriptions and over forty photographs of Native Americans, offers an interesting contrast to Berkhofer's study.

In a brief introduction the volume's editor identifies the same division between the good and bad Indian and surveys the range of Indian imagery from 1492 to the present. More than half of the introduction, however, deals with twentieth-century images, especially those in popular fiction and films, while the selections that follow are nearly all from the last quarter of the nineteenth century and limited to the Great Plains region.

In contrast to Berkhofer's emphasis on continuity, this volume rests on the premise announced in the subtitle that the myth of the Indian underwent transformation. This premise is not supported, however, in the arrangement of the passages themselves: the two most sympathetic accounts, those of Helen Hunt Jackson and Joseph Kossuth Dixon, stand at opposite

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ends of the period surveyed and enclose other views which are unrelenting in their hostility and contempt. The individual introductions to the selections add little to the theme of transformation and provide only the slightest historical or ethnological context. The editor admirably dedicates his book to the memory of Sitting Bull, but errs in saying that the great Sioux leader was killed at Wounded Knee. **AW**

James J. Rawls, an instructor of history at Diablo Valley College, Pleasant Hill, California, is working on a study of Indian-white relations on the California frontier.

The End of Indian Kansas: A Study of Cultural Revolution, 1854–1871 *by H. Craig Miner and William E. Unrau (Regents Press of Kansas, Lawrence, 1977; 192 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $12.50).*

Reviewed by Paul R. Treece

THIS BOOK is a concise, scholarly account about what happened to the more than ten thousand Indians living in eastern Kansas between 1854, when Kansas became a territory, and 1871, the year the federal government stopped negotiating treaties with Indian tribes as though they were independent nations. By the latter date, there were fewer than one thousand Indians in Kansas, and these had been reduced to total impoverishment and beggary. By 1871 the Indians had no land, though two decades earlier they collectively owned millions of acres of fertile Kansas soil. This sad condition was not the result of dramatic skirmishes with the U.S. Cavalry or territorial militiamen but rather from relentless pressure by white squatters, railroad companies, dishonest Indian agents, and others made greedy by the opportunity to acquire Indian lands and annuities.

How was this accomplished with relatively little bloodshed? Most of the tribes had already gone through the debilitating experience of being removed from the East and were further demoralized by the knowledge that whites now coveted their "permanent" reservations. Townsites were laid out on unceded Indian lands; squatters settled on them and soon outnumbered the Indians, but federal troops were not called out to expel the trespassers. Whiskey was easily, but not legally, available. Indian agents and other holders of public trust compromised their integrity by speculating in Indian lands and by accepting gifts from railroad companies. Annuities were often misdirected. Railway companies and squatters stole timber from the Indians and damaged or destroyed Indian property with impunity. "Indian rings," formed to defraud the Indians, flourished. Tribal leaders who could not be bribed were shoved aside and compliant "government chiefs" were installed. For these reasons and others, the end of Indian Kansas was not long in coming. The authors have presented a depressing picture. The reader's perception of those brave, hard-working sodhouse settlers may never be the same after reading this book. **AW**

Paul R. Treece is assistant dean of the college and acting chairman of the Division of Public Service Technologies and General Studies at Central Ohio Technical College, Newark.

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The Zunis of Cibola *by C. Gregory Crampton (University of Utah, Salt Lake City, 1978; 215 pp., illus., biblio., index, $15.00).*

Reviewed by Gerald Thompson

LIVING in the mesa country of western New Mexico, the Zuni Indians have always played an important part in southwestern history. Since their first encounter with the Spanish conquistadores, the Zunis have been visited by white missionaries and travelers who desired to convert them to Christianity or to beg and barter for food. Unlike many tribes who succumbed to the advance of European culture, the Zunis adjusted to newcomers and still retained their Indian identity.

European-oriented historians have only written peripherally about these people while focusing on Indian-white relations in the Southwest. Thus, a study that concentrates directly on this people's history has been long overdue. C. Gregory Crampton's *The Zunis of Cibola* provides a convenient outline of this tribe's history and will delight most general readers. Serious scholars, however, will continue to wait for a thorough treatment of Zuni history.

Part of Crampton's difficulty in writing the Zuni story stems from inadequate research. By ignoring all unpublished primary manuscript material, the author was compelled to produce a history that viewed the Zuni past from an outsider's vantage point. As a result, Zuni history becomes a series of clashes and visitations by non-Indians—entertaining and exciting reading, but not tribal history. Which events do the Zunis regard as milestones in their past? Who are the heroes and villains of this tribe? What is the Zuni view of man's place in the universe? Such questions form the basis of a people's history, but in this account they remain both unasked and unanswered.

In places, the oversimplification of a complex story has resulted in distortions. For example, when discussing the killing of Fray Francisco Letrado at Hawikuh on February 22, 1632, the author writes: "The possibility exists that Sunday mass may have coincided with a Zuni ceremonial" and precipitated the murder. Continuing to speculate, Crampton suggests that Estevan the Moor was killed in 1539 under similar circumstances. Actually, conflicts between Indians and priests (or conquerors) were far more complicated than a poorly-timed arrival or the conjunction of a Sunday mass with a more traditional ritual. It was not the Zuni gods who were jealous and demanding of monotheistic fidelity. Crampton later views the Great Pueblo Revolt of 1680 as a power struggle between Indian shaman and missionary priests. A more positive motive for the shaman might suggest that the Indians had concluded that the priests were practicing witchcraft.

Despite this criticism, the book should be considered by every person interested in southwestern tribes. Crampton is a beautiful stylist, and his book provides a basic introduction to its subject. **AW**

Gerald Thompson is assistant professor of history at the University of Toledo and the author of The Army and the Navajo.

The Ohlone Way: Indian Life in the San Francisco–Monterey Bay Area *by Malcolm Margolin, illustrated by Michael Harney (Heyday Books, Box 9145, Berkeley, CA 94709, 1978; 182 pp., intro., maps, biblio., index, $8.95 cloth, $4.95 paper).*

Reviewed by Peter N. Carroll

THREE MONTHS before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, a Spanish explorer encountered "a poor Indian" near San Francisco Bay. "As soon as he saw us," reported Father Pedro Font, "he manifested the greatest possible alarm that is possible to describe." And for good reason. Within two generations, the European invaders had thoroughly disrupted what had been a flourishing Ohlone culture.

In this brief, beautifully written book, Malcolm Margolin seeks to recapture the lost world of the native peoples of central California. Beginning with descriptions of the land and animals, the author explains the interaction between the Ohlone tribes and the natural environment. "Animals and humans inhabited the very same world," he remarks, "and the distance between them was not very great." Living by hunting and gathering, the Ohlone understood the rhythms of nature, viewed wild animals as friends and partners, and maintained a profound reverence for what today we might call the ecological balance.

Margolin is especially effective in probing beneath the physical realm to explore Ohlone attitudes toward the world of spirits. Here the native peoples saw themselves as children of Coyote, inhabiting a sacred world filled with allies and demons. This world view influenced all aspects of Ohlone life. Margolin describes patterns of family organization, including birth, child-rearing, marriage, and death, which reflected the importance of spiritual relationships. Similarly, the so-

cial customs regulating intertribal trade and warfare reveal a culture closely attuned to propitiating the sacred spirits.

Margolin's sensitivity to native American culture should be especially appealing to history teachers. Students will enjoy the clear, concise prose, while learning about the subtleties of Ohlone values and behavior. The book is well-researched, but the author goes far beyond the limitations of the documentary sources to create imaginatively the tone and temper of the native villages. Margolin avoids romanticizing Native American life. Yet his descriptions summon in the reader a profound respect for a people who lived in peace and stability for many centuries before the arrival of Europeans. **AW**

Peter Carroll is the author of The Free and the Unfree: A New History of the United States *(with David Noble) and most recently,* The Other Samuel Johnson: A Psychohistory of Early New England.

Warrior in Two Camps: Ely S. Parker, Union General and Seneca Chief *by William H. Armstrong (Syracuse University, New York, 1978; 255 pp., illus., biblio., notes, $11.95).*

Reviewed by Valerie L. Mathes

THIS WELL-WRITTEN and well-researched biography, long overdue, is an important contribution to Indian history, expanding our knowledge of the often overlooked contributions by Indian leaders who functioned within the mainstream of American culture.

A descendant of Seneca orator Red Jacket and prophet Handsome Lake, Ely Samuel Parker lived to fulfill his mother's dream that he "become a white man as well as an Indian." He rose to prominence in both cultures, become a sachem of the Iroquois League, a brevet brigadier general in the United States Army, and the first Indian to serve as commissioner of Indian affairs.

Born on the Seneca Reservation, Parker studied law but was denied the right to practice because he was not a citizen. Instead he accepted an engineering job in New York. Eventually he was appointed superintendent for construction of a Marine Corps hospital in Galena, Illinois, where he met his future commander, U. S. Grant. With the outbreak of the Civil War, Parker offered his services to the Union Army. Turned down, he resigned himself to a farmer's life on the reservation. When the government

Continued on page 56

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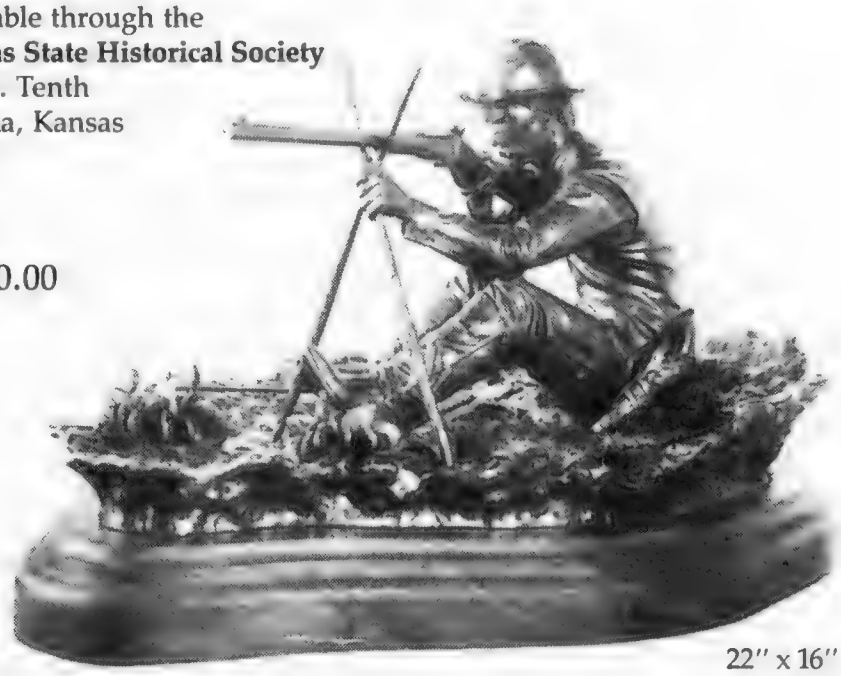

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changed its position, however, Parker was commissioned assistant adjutant general of volunteers with rank of captain. Assigned to Grant's staff, he later became his military secretary.

Recommended by Grant, Parker helped to negotiate treaties with Confederate Indians in Indian Territory and to prepare a general plan for permanent and lasting peace with western tribes. When Grant became president, Parker was a logical choice for commissioner. Although serving only two years, Parker organized and implemented Grant's Peace Policy and other reforms. Resigning as commissioner, he became a Wall Street investor, and in 1876, a clerk in the New York Police Department, a post he held until his death in 1895.

An extensive and thorough bibliography, footnotes, and photographs enhance this handsomely printed volume by Syracuse University Press, which belongs in every collection of Americana. **AW**

Valerie L. Mathes is an instructor of United States and American Indian history at City College of San Francisco.

Charcoal's World *by Hugh A. Dempsey (Western Producer Prairie Books, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada, 1978; 188 pp., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $10.95).*

Reviewed by Lewis Gwynne Thomas

CHARCOAL was a Blood Indian. His world was the foothill country of southwestern Alberta. But what Hugh Dempsey seeks to evoke here is Charcoal's other world, the spiritual world of the Plains Indian.

In 1896, Charcoal, then forty years of age, shot and killed a younger Blood who was in the act of debauching Charcoal's wife. Soon afterwards he shot, but only slightly wounded, a white farm instructor, whom he had cast in the role of the messenger who would go before him to the shadow world of the Blood afterlife. Charcoal fled, at first accompanied by members of his family, and for nearly four weeks eluded his Mounted Police and Indian pursuers. On November 9, when capture seemed inevitable, he shot and killed a Mounted Police sergeant. He escaped on the sergeant's horse and, seeking refuge with his brothers, he was surrendered to the police. He was hanged at Macleod on March 16, 1897.

Dempsey uses his exceptional knowledge of the Blood tradition to juxtapose

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Charcoal's world against that of Major Samuel Benfield Steele, in 1896 superintendent for "D" Division of the North West Mounted Police and thus responsible for the apprehension of the Indian fugitive. By 1896 the buffalo which had sustained the material life of the Bloods had long since disappeared, but the Indian enjoyed little of the modest prosperity that cattle raising had brought to the white ranchers of southern Alberta and could not easily fit into the economic and social structures symbolized by the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Mounted Police. Against this background of victimization of a whole people, Charcoal scarcely emerges as a figure of high tragedy. To make him more than pathetic would take exceptional arts of language and gifts of poetic imagination. Dempsey is too scrupulous an investigator to tamper with the facts as he sees them, whether in a Mounted Police record or in the Blood oral tradition which he knows so well. The task he has set himself may be beyond the powers of any writer, but certainly he grapples honestly with its complexities. AW

Lewis Gwynne Thomas is professor emeritus of history at the University of Alberta and past president of the Canadian Historical Association.

German Artist on the Texas Frontier: Friedrich Richard Petri *by William W. Newcomb, Jr., with Mary S. Carnahan (University of Texas, Austin, 1978; 256 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $19.95).*

Reviewed by Erwin N. Thompson

IN THE YEAR 1852 two German artists, who were brothers-in-law, arrived in Central Texas to take up farming outside Fredericksburg. Friedrich Richard Petri and Hermann Lungkwitz had been trained in the renowned Academy of Fine Arts in Dresden, Saxony, when Romanticism held sway.

Richard Petri lived only five years in the new land, for he drowned in the Pedernales River in 1857. During those few years he sketched and painted rural life on the frontier and at nearby Fort Martin Scott, as well as Indians visiting Fredericksburg.

Author William Newcomb faced what must have been a seemingly insurmountable obstacle in writing about Petri, for the artist left no journal, no diary, no letters, while little family tradition had been handed down. There are the artist's works, of course, but few of them are dated or have accompanying notes. Consequently Newcomb undertook an immense amount of detective work and succeeded admirably in describing what was happening around Petri that would have affected him, whether in the academy or at Fort Martin Scott. The organization of the narrative deserves special notice. The six short chapters give a comprehensive historical setting for Petri's pictures, especially the thirty or so that concern Indians.

Newcomb believes that Petri's major contributions to frontier art and history are his Indian subjects. The painstaking research that led to Newcomb's determination that the Plains Indians depicted by Petri were probably Lipan Apaches is especially impressive.

Newcomb concludes that Petri and the German settlers in Texas dealt with the Indians with consideration, compassion, and integrity. It is ironic, however, that at a Fourth of July shooting match outside Fredericksburg, the target was a life-size painting of an Indian, possibly by Petri himself.

Petri was a minor figure in frontier history and art. His work is not monumental in either content or volume. But his pictures do make an important contribution to our knowledge of mid-nineteenth-century frontier life in Central Texas. AW

Erwin N. Thompson is a National Park Service historian in its Denver Service Center.

The Wonderful Ride: Being the true journal of Mr. George T. Loher who in 1895 cycled from coast to coast on his Yellow Fellow Wheel, *edited by Ellen Smith (Harper & Row, San Francisco, 1978; 160 pp., illus., $7.95).*

Reviewed by Jeanne Schinto

GEORGE T. LOHER, twenty-seven-year-old Oakland butcher and bachelor, straddled his Yellow Fellow one day in 1895 and set off with a cyclist friend. Their destination was "wicked" New York, their route a circuitous four-thousand-odd miles across five mountain ranges. But the men seemed not to have planned for the trip anymore than they would for a picnic.

Loher's companion turned back at Sacramento—the heat of the valley overtook him. Loher went on alone.

This journal, unearthed by Loher's granddaughter, is an account of that eighty-day trip without maps, without a watch (it was stolen outside Portland), even without brakes.

The bike he rode was of frighteningly simple design, weighing some fifty pounds with his gear strapped to it. Yet he rode it over railroad ties, over prickly pear sharp enough to puncture his tires, falling so often that by the time he reached the Badlands it seemed natural to Loher to be suddenly "lying all over the road." Broken handlebars, broken wheels, hurricanes, and hostilities—there were endless miseries along the way until it seems that Loher got to New York riding on a line of pure drive. Yet Loher was clearly blasé about the trip, and therein lies the charm and value of the book.

He writes: "On arriving at Valley City, I stopped for a drink and . . . was accosted by some North Dakota farmers. They asked me what I was riding for. When I told them I was out for health, pleasure, and adventure, they did not seem to see any sense in riding across the country on a wheel for any such purpose, and declared that they would rather walk. I came to that conclusion also, as I could not see how they could invest in a wheel [$100 for his model] when they only raised a crop once in seven years, and nine times out of ten the chances would be of that being swept off by a prairie fire before it could be harvested."

Practical and hard-headed to the point of being comic, Loher gives a fresh and straightforward account of his journey, full of fact and opinion (sometimes quirky but always revealing of both the man and his time) rather than complaints or reports on his physical or mental well-being. Remarkably, he is never self-conscious; only towards the end does he mention he is "lonesome." The result is a book marked, rather like the trip itself must have been, by pockets of insight and sheer wonder.

Ellen Smith's comments are sometimes "golly-gee," but given that grandfather Loher is so much the opposite, who can blame her? AW

Jeanne Schinto, an avid bicyclist, is a writer living in Washington, D.C., whose articles have appeared in The American West.

Wheels West, 1590–1900 *by Richard Dunlop, foreword by Ray Allen Billington (Rand McNally, New York, 1977; 208 pp., intro., illus., biblio., index, $16.95).*

Reviewed by Paul A. Hutton

RICHARD DUNLOP traces the story of western transportation from Gaspar Castaño de Sosa's 1590 expedition into Texas, when the humble Spanish carreta became the first wheeled vehicle to enter what is now the United States, to the driving of the golden spike at Promontory, Utah, in 1869. It is a saga of back-

breaking labor and high adventure, and Dunlop enables his readers to relive those days by filling his pages with rich anecdotes.

As if viewing a parade, the reader follows the technical advances in transportation from the carretas and Red River carts through the familiar Conestogas, giant Murphy wagons, durable Studebakers, the military Dougherty wagon-ambulances, Mormon handcarts, famed Concord stagecoaches, and many more. When the parade passes one is left with a deeper respect for the progress that was made in so brief a span of years.

The illustrations are as important to this volume as the text. Most are well chosen, but some seem out of place and rather familiar. Of special interest are sixteen full-page, color reproductions of paintings on the theme of western transportation. Unfortunately there is only one diagram of the structure of a Concord coach chassis. More illustrations of this nature would have been useful.

Dunlop could not be expected to give a detailed study of western transportation in two hundred heavily illustrated pages, nor did he ever intend to. This is an anecdotal, sometimes even personal, view of the subject. Those in search of technical information will be more satisfied with detailed studies like Shumway, Durrell, and Frey's *Conestoga Wagon*, while those in need of a scholarly overview will find the works of Oscar O. Winther more profitable. It seems probable that Dunlop's colorful volume will spark the interest of many and send them on to other books. Those interested in lively western history will enjoy *Wheels West*. AW

Paul A. Hutton, assistant editor of the Western Historical Quarterly, *teaches at Utah State University.*

From Hopalong to Hud: Thoughts on Western Fiction *by C. L. Sonnichsen (Texas A&M University, College Station, 1978; 201 pp., biblio., index, $9.95).*

Reviewed by Gary Topping

MOST of the eleven essays included in this collection have been published individually during the past decade, and they remind us that C. L. Sonnichsen has long been one of the great trail bosses for scholars interested in popular western literature. Their greatest asset is their empirical depth. Few scholars have read as many Westerns as Sonnichsen, and his spicy writing guides us through the wilderness of obscure authors and titles with

Continued on page 62

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unerring confidence. Another strength is Sonnichsen's awareness of the national cultural trends that affect the ways in which writers portray the West. Some of the themes he uses to show those changing fashions include the Apache, the sharecropper, violence, and sex.

Sonnichsen's wide reading makes him impatient with the precious hypotheses that vitiate so much current writing about popular Westerns. For example, purveyors of facile generalizations such as "the western formula" based on the heroic cowboy should read the title essay (perhaps the best in the collection), which is a survey of the large number of unheroic cowboys present in popular western literature from the beginning.

But the meaning he claims for his findings is also debatable. Sonnichsen shares the methodological assumptions of Henry Nash Smith's *Virgin Land:* that Westerns are literarily worthless, and that they are therefore useful mainly to the social historian as evidence of the ideas and values of a "vast inarticulate public." Smith's idea of a literary "silent majority" is so sociologically vague that it was never much good, though very popular among scholars, while the fact that even English professors have begun to read and enjoy Westerns discredits the concept even further. And what purpose is served by assuming at the outset that Westerns have no literary value? Sonnichsen's own empirical honesty cannot sustain that assumption, and positive comments on their literary merit sometimes emerge in spite of himself.

Such caveats notwithstanding, the appearance of this collection of essays by one of the real masters is a major event for students of western literature. As an example of one way of dealing with the popular Western, it is without equal. **AW**

Gary Topping, a historian with the Utah Department of Parks and Recreation, is the author of articles on Zane Grey and other topics in western literature.

In Search of Canaan: Black Migration to Kansas, 1879–80 *by Robert G. Athearn (Regents Press of Kansas, Lawrence, 1978; 338 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $14.00).*

Reviewed by Theodore Kornweibel, Jr.

SOME FIFTEEN THOUSAND lower Mississippi Valley Blacks migrated to Kansas and neighboring states in the well-known "Exodus" of 1879–1880. Post-war southern agriculture was still largely in ruins, affecting thousands of Black and white farmers alike. Yet the freedmen labored as well under obstacles to land ownership and economic independence, erected by their embittered ex-masters. So although racism and economics were intertwined, Robert G. Athearn makes a well-reasoned case for stressing the latter as the root "push" factor behind the Exodus. An accomplished western historian, he puts this migration into a long-neglected boomer perspective. Black southerners were responding to the same flawed dream of prairie homesteading that drew millions from the East and Europe. Although the Exodus had its millenerian aspects—the consciousness of flight from a new bondage—the hope for independent proprietorship in what turned out to be "a bleak and arduous land" was the primary motive.

What happened to the Exodusters in Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado? In general, they did not succeed as farmers. Too many were indigent upon arrival. Further, "free farms did not mean free living, and many of them were driven back from their homesteads, unable to outlast climatic extremes, early crop failures, and other reverses." Some never made it beyond refugee shelters in Topeka and other centers. At first the white populace, inspired by Kansas Republican governor John P. St. John, not only welcomed the migrants but encouraged flight from the oppressive Democratic South. But soon, inundated beyond the capacity of local Black communities and private charity, and perceiving that most migrants would likely swell urban populations rather than "disappear" into the agricultural frontier, the white welcome turned into a cynical chess game as Black refugee pawns were moved from one unwilling community to another. And the failure of the federal government to involve itself foreclosed the only other avenue of assistance.

Athearn's narrative is both an important chapter in western history and a pleasure to read. His lively style animates the first-hand accounts of migrants, disillusioned returnees, newspaper reporters, congressional investigators, and worried white Kansans. This is social history at its best, marred only by a few racial stereotypes. These shortcomings aside, this account of the freedmen's quest for a yeoman future on the prairies will entertain and enlighten both the general reader and professional historian. **AW**

Theodore Kornweibel, Jr., is associate professor of Afro-American studies at San Diego State University and the author of No Crystal Stair: Black Life and the Messenger, 1917–1928.

PECOS PUEBLO

(Continued from page 19)

gether to defend themselves in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, had prospered.

But there was a flaw. The pueblo was divided. Inside its close-built walls lived farmers and traders. The latter, desirous of horses and steel knives, came to favor the Spaniards' presence. The farmers questioned the price. Two compelling, inescapable events, the Pueblo Revolt of 1680 and the Spanish reconquest of the 1690s, set the factions at war—Pecos against Pecos—and the traders won. The pueblo accepted Spanish military "protection" and Spanish Catholicism, at least on the surface. Yet their numbers, like the grains of sand in an hourglass, dropped relentlessly. Disease, raids from the plains, and interruption of trade—each played a part, but none so crucial as the division within the pueblo itself.

As late as 1838 they were still there, fifteen or twenty of them, like the ghostly survivors of a science-fiction tragedy, haunting the ruins that once had housed their civilization. Too few to stand against the rising tide of Mexican settlers, the last of the Pecos left their crumbling homes and trekked to Jémez, eighty miles west, the only other New Mexico pueblo that spoke their language.

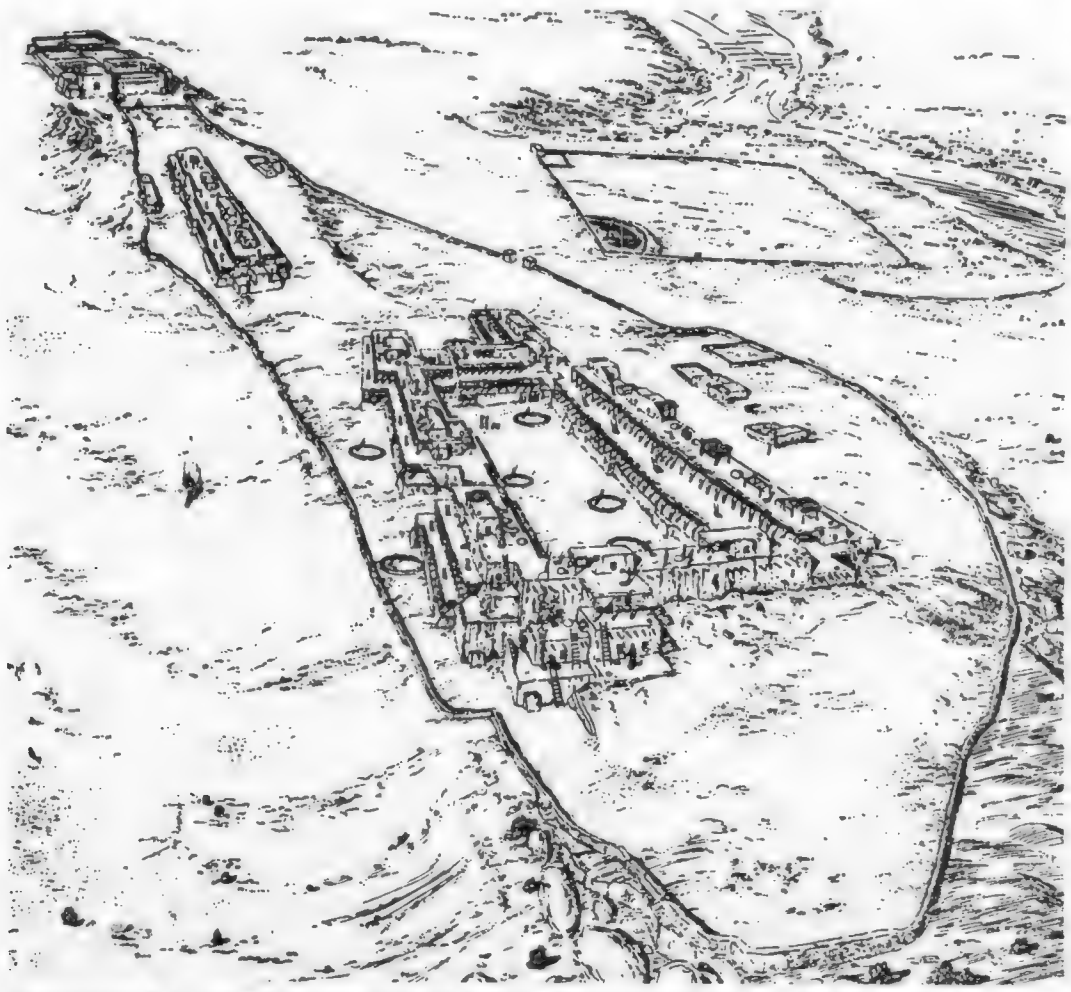
Behind them a motley procession of Santa Fe traders, soldiers, and tourists poked through the ruins, scratching graffiti, pocketing souvenirs, and recounting fantastic tales of a "lost race." Next came the archaeologists, the natty Adolph F. Bandelier and the genial, Harvard-bred Alfred V. Kidder, whose Pecos dig (1915–29) transformed New World archaeology from hobby to science.

A national monument since 1965, excavated, stabilized, preserved, protected, studied, interpreted, and experienced by tens of thousands of visitors annually, the historic site—Pecos, the place—is as secure today as our way of life.

Walk among the evocative mounds, drink in the scenery that excited Bishop Tamarón, pause inside the hulking church walls. Then drive west to Jémez, a living pueblo. Here on feast days the Pecos bull, a life-size effigy with a man inside, still cavorts, and ritual clowns take their liberties. Here the spirit of Agustín Guichí, who dared impersonate a bishop—the spirit of Pecos, the people—still soars. **AW**

John L. Kessell *is the author of* Kiva, Cross, and Crown: The Pecos Indians and New Mexico, 1540–1840, *just published by the National Park Service.*

Illustration Below: This artist's reconstruction shows Pecos in the late 1700s, with the pueblo complex in the foreground and the church at top left.



RECONSTRUCTION BY S. P. MOOREHEAD, FROM "PECOS, NEW MEXICO: ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES" BY ALFRED VINCENT KIDDER, 1958. REPRODUCTION COURTESY OF PECOS NATIONAL MONUMENT

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THE HAVASUPAI OF THE GRAND CANYON

(Continued from page 17)

village to replace the original building washed away in a disastrous 1911 flood—a school building that to this day, incredibly, serves as the main focus for education of Havasupai youth.

Through all these years, the Havasupai somehow resisted continued pressure from various agencies of the federal government to relocate them and turn their scenic but economically inadequate reservation over to the Park Service. In the 1930s a tribal-council form of government replaced the traditional leaders. Ineffective as it may have been then, the council helped to hold the tribe together and preserve its aspirations.

The Havasupai have never relinquished the hope that someday their traditional ancestral lands would be returned to them. In the 1960s, with the help of attorneys and anthropologists, they successfully pursued a land-claim case against the federal government. This ultimately resulted in a restitution payment of more than one million dollars to the tribe, but it didn't get their land back.

However, using land-claim funds for additional legal assistance, the Havasupai finally persuaded Congress to expand their reservation in 1975, adding 185,000 acres taken from adjoining national park and national forest lands to the Havasupai domain. This land, mainly on the plateau, a quarter of a mile back from the South Rim of Grand Canyon, was an integral part of the territory that the Havasupai lost in the nineteenth century. In addition to these 185,000 acres, Congress granted the Havasupai permission to use 95,300 acres within Grand Canyon National Park for "grazing and other traditional purposes." This land, economically unfeasible for livestock raising, is mostly below the rim of Grand Canyon.

All this federal largesse, of course, was not without its restrictions. The Havasupai were required to develop a plan for the use of their new lands, a plan that would "not be inconsistent with, or detract from, park uses and values." This land-use plan was also to be subjected to an environmental impact statement, public review, and the further approval of the federal government. The act specifically forbade the Havasupai from engaging in commercial timber production, mining, or industrial development.

When the first flush of victory faded from the collective Havasupai countenance and the nature of the federal restraints began to be realized, the Havasupai Tribal Council, with the assistance of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, began to formulate a land-use plan. The essence of this plan stemmed from the fact that the tribe wished to preserve the magnificence of their homeland and their cultural identity. Cattle-raising, education, better housing and roads, the development of effective water and energy sources, and the encouragement of tourism in some portions of the reservation were all described. This plan and an accompanying environmental statement were forwarded to Washington in April 1976. Shortly thereafter, the office of the secretary of the interior deemed the environmental assessment to be inadequate, and the entire plan was returned to the tribe. An acceptable environmental impact statement has not yet been completed and, of course until that is approved, the plan cannot be made available for public review and comment, subjected to public hearings, or transmitted to Congress. In the more than four years since the Havasupai Reservation was enlarged, the Havasupai people have not been able to use the acquired area. They remain for the most part constricted in their canyon home.

There, the economic system, including the operation of the tribal store, cafe, school, police department, health facility, and housing, is largely subsidized by various agencies of the federal government. In addition, funds from tourism and interest from invested land-claim funds also accrue to the tribe. Some persons work for wages outside the reservation; a few are employed by Grand Canyon National Park.

Native religion, shamanistic in nature, is gone. In its place have come rather poorly attended fundamentalist missionary efforts.

Children, after completing the fifth grade in their old one-room building, are sent to a boarding school on the Fort Apache Reservation, but Apaches are considered traditional enemies and many parents resent this Bureau of Indian Affairs-fostered program.

In spite of a Public Health Service presence in Supai, many severe health problems remain, not the least of which are diabetes and alcohol abuse. At present, little is being done either by the tribe or the Public Health Service to alleviate these problems.

Yet it is clear that there is a strong sense of tribal pride among the Havasupai. In recent years they have insisted that they have been dominated long enough, and that they now wish to govern themselves more fully. If newly emerging tribal leaders can continue to convince their people that they should be proud of their Havasupai heritage, and if they can secure a more stable economic and public health base, the future of the tribe looks more promising than it has in the past. **AW**

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

There are two good general accounts of the Havasupai. Stephen Hirst's *Life in a Narrow Place: The Havasupai of the Grand Canyon* (1976) is a moving story of contemporary Havasupai life and their struggle to regain their native lands. *The Havasupai People* (1971) by Henry F. Dobyns and Robert C. Euler is a popular account of the history and anthropology of these Indians.

From a more historical aspect, John Galvin's translation of the 1776 Garces' journal in *A Record of Travels in Arizona and California* (1965), Frank H. Cushing's trip to Supai in 1882 in his *Nation of the Willows* (1965), and Flora Gregg Iliff's account of her experiences as a school teacher in Supai around the turn of the century in *People of the Blue Water* (1954) are all excellent sources.

Robert C. Euler *is research anthropologist at Grand Canyon National Park and adjunct professor at Southern Illinois University at Carbondale. He has conducted archaeological, ethnohistorical, and ethnographic research among the Havasupai since 1965.*

SHALL THE ISLANDS BE PRESERVED?

(Continued from page 37)

the reservations, and establishing tribal governmental authority over tribal lands and resources. The clear impact of the effort in court, as in Congress, has been to revitalize the reservation system.

PAST POLICY has not been discussed here only for its historical interest. Indian policy repeats itself, and its future form can be predicted through an understanding of the past. This nation has been seeking an end to the "Indian problem" at least since Andrew Jackson took office in 1829. The central thrust has been to break up the tribes and their islands; with the reservation system gone, the tribal members will go to the cities and melt into the general population. Thus seen, the federal land acquisitions of the westward expansion were the clear precursors of the more refined Allotment Act, just as the Allotment Act led to still further refinements implemented by termination and Public Law 280. The words and the legislative techniques may change, but the pressures on the reservation system will not.

The pressures are now building for new attacks on the reservation system. The expansion of reservation powers during the last decade has proved inconvenient for many powerful organizations, both public and private. There is a serious and immediate danger that the modest but important recent gains by Indians may be more than reversed by a period every bit as repressive and tragic as the earlier eras outlined above. Here are the most likely points of attack.

Civil and Criminal Jurisdiction. Recent court decisions have upheld tribal court jurisdiction and limited the jurisdiction of state courts over events occurring on the reservations. Although the Supreme Court held in 1978 that tribal courts normally cannot try non-Indians for criminal offenses, many reservation-based personal injury, contract, and other civil cases can be heard only in tribal courts—even when non-Indians are involved. Conversely, the courts of the 1970s have clarified the fact that reservation Indians are immune from an increasing number of lawsuits filed in state courts.

This situation is anathema to state prosecutors and law enforcement authorities. To them, reservations simply should not be islands within their county lines. Many citizens in "border towns" adjacent to reservations, where anti-Indian hostility is greatest, detest the idea that an all-Indian court can sometimes render judgment on them. They fail to perceive the issue through the Indian's eyes, which have seen a century-long procession of white judges, police, and juries. To the Indian, county matters should go to county court and tribal matters should go to tribal court.

Thus the issue over civil and criminal jurisdiction is whether Indians can control the future course of law and order on the reservation. At stake is the right of Indians to find respite from non-Indian racism within the borders of the lands remaining to them.

State Regulatory Jurisdiction. Before Public Law 280 was passed in 1953, all reservations were free of state regulatory law in areas such as zoning, child welfare, health and safety, and pollution control. Such matters were left to the tribes and Congress. When some reservations became subject to some state jurisdiction under Public Law 280, many states imposed state regulatory programs on those reservations. In June 1976, the Supreme Court ruled that those states were wrong; state regulatory law does not reach to the reservations.

State officers will likely seek a congressional overruling of this recent decision. Environmentalists, never consistent allies of the tribes, may well support the effort. But forward-looking tribal councils, often headed by young, well-educated leaders, are rapidly developing progressive tribal laws and regulatory programs. Those councils—hard upon the land that is to be regulated—believe that they can effectively control pollution and zoning on the islands without the help of the states. Again, an important element of tribal self-determination is at stake.

Taxation Jurisdiction. A long line of Supreme Court decisions beginning in 1866 has exempted reservations from state taxing schemes. In addition, tribal governments are now beginning to impose their own tribal taxes on reservation activities, some of them involving non-Indians. State tax departments, however, resist the loss of potential revenue from the reservations. Power and utility companies developing tribal resources fear excessive and unreasonable tribal taxation on the reservations.

Legislation to change the status quo is seen as a double blow by Indians. An even blacker poverty would result if reservation Indians must deduct state taxes from already meager incomes. In addition, tribal treasuries are chronically empty, and reasonable tribal taxation on the reservations is the logical way to begin filling them.

Public Works Projects. The Army Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation have never been reluctant to knock on the reservation door. Indian opposition to dams and roads has always been insignificant in comparison to opposition by local farmers and businesses. Thus many public works projects have been located on reservations.

The examples are especially poignant. In spite of the oldest treaty still in force, negotiated in 1794, the Corps flooded some 80 percent of the Tuscarora Reservation in New York in the 1950s. One third of the reservation's families were forced to relocate. The Corps then built a four-lane highway through the reservation which, in the words of one judge, was "a Chinese wall" which would "separate neighbor from neighbor."

The heart of the Fort Berthold Reservation in North Dakota was flooded by the pool behind the Garrison Dam. Homesteads were lost, as was the central reservation bridge. A drive to "nearby" family increased from five to one hundred miles.

On the Columbia River, the Dalles Dam inundated the

remarkable fishing grounds at Celilo Falls, with their ancestral spiderweb of ladders and catwalks. Families had gone to the falls for centuries, and the traditional sites had the most profound cultural and spiritual significance. It was like flooding Westminster Abbey and paying off the British in cash.

In all of these cases, treaties guaranteed these lands to the tribes "forever." Still, the federal agencies resolutely encroached.

The mission-oriented federal agencies will continue to keep busy and find work for their employees. Their projects are rubber-stamped in obscure public works and appropriations sub-committees, all of which cannot possibly be monitored by the tribes. Reservation land will continue to be eaten away unless Congress shows a tedious vigilance that has been rare to date.

Eastern Land Claims. One of the first laws passed by the First Congress in 1790 contained a requirement that any land sales by Indian tribes must be approved by the federal government, which has sole authority over Indian affairs. Some eastern tribes transferred land to state governments during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, but those transactions were never ratified by the United States. In the past two years courts have ruled that such transactions were invalid and that the tribes still own their ancestral land.

Thus the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes have pending court cases, brought by the United States, claiming a minimum of 5 million acres in Maine, some 25 percent of the state. In upstate New York, the Cayuga, Oneida, and Saint Regis Mohawk tribes have also brought suits. The total claim is for 315,000 acres. The Wampanoag and Mashpee tribes have sued for prime recreational land on Martha's Vineyard and Cape Cod. There are also claims in Connnecticut, Rhode Island, South Carolina, and Louisiana.

These tribes know full well that they are not going to evict hundreds of thousands of farmers, suburbanites, and second-home owners. Nor do they wish such a result. What they do want, in return for giving up part of their claims, is to establish land bases and to receive significant cash payments. The cost would be borne by the federal government. Basically, these landless eastern tribes are willing to trade in part of their valid claims in order to join the reservation system.

Congress has the legal power to eliminate the land claims entirely by paying off the tribes in cash, and bills have been introduced to do just that. Other bills, which may be unconstitutional, go further and would void these presently valid claims without paying any compensation at all.

Such conflicts in the East may presage Indian policy for many decades. Is Congress willing to protect tribal land so that tribes will have the resources to compete in the majority society? Or will the tribes again be paid off in cash? Or will there be no compensation at all? Most broadly, there is a lurking suspicion that the United States is willing to permit its Indian tribes to remain separate only so long as they remain weak.

Fishing and Hunting Rights. Over the last decade, the most explosive conflict has been over treaty fishing rights. The issue has flared in Minnesota and Michigan, but the struggle has become most intense in the Pacific Northwest.

During the 1850s, treaties were negotiated with the coastal tribes of Washington and with four Columbia River tribes of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. Those treaties contained language guaranteeing the tribes absolute control over fishing and hunting on their reservations, a provision which is found in almost all Indian treaties. The treaties also promised that the tribes would always be permitted to fish at their "usual and accustomed" off-reservation stations. Unlike the on-reservation rights, these off-reservation rights were to be shared "in common with the citizens of the territory."

There was little fuss about Indian fishing rights in the Northwest for the better part of a century. The salmon and steelhead runs were bountiful for Indian and non-Indian. But things changed after World War II. Droves of new inhabitants sought the clean air and lush valleys of the Northwest. In addition, the Army Corps of Engineers built scores of dams on the Columbia and smaller rivers. The dams devastated upstream and downstream runs. Nitrogen supersaturation below the dams killed uncounted millions of fish, just as the bends can be fatal to a deep-sea diver. Spawning beds were flooded. Turbine blades in the dams chopped young returning fish to bits. This bloodbath in the name of energy production brought near ruin to many of the famous salmon and steelhead streams in the Pacific Northwest.

Other factors reduced the number of fish in the rivers. Agricultural projects polluted the streams with chemicals and drew returning young fish into irrigation canals. Poor logging practices resulted in excessive silting and in stream blockages from down timber. Pulp mills, plants, and factories dumped their waste into the rivers. Thus, water quality was reduced dramatically over the years.

None of this was due to the Indian. No responsible allegations have been made of waste by Indian fishers. The tribes' good conservation practices are well established. Nevertheless, the states began to crack down on Indian fishers so that more fish from the dwindling supply would be available to the more numerous non-Indian fishers.

After years of arrests, demonstrations, and minor legal skirmishes, the tribes went to federal court in both Oregon and Washington, the two states bordering the Columbia River. They secured court orders in 1974 and 1975 directing the states to permit at least 50 percent of the harvestable run to reach the tribal fishing stations. The judges' reasoning, which was unanimously affirmed on appeal, was that the Indians' primary concern at treaty negotiations was to retain a supply of fish from the off-reservation sites; thus the treaty promise that the tribes could fish "in common" with the non-Indian fishers meant an equal division of the resource. The result was expected by most experts in Indian law, but not by the states. Outrage spread through the ranks of both commercial and sports fishers.

The resulting bitterness has poisoned relations between Indians and non-Indians in the Northwest. Court confrontations have continued as the state agencies refuse even to

negotiate with the tribes. Non-Indian commercial fishers have held "fish-ins" in violation of orders directing them to cease fishing so that salmon could reach treaty Indian fishing grounds. Judge George Boldt, a jurist who rendered one of the decisions, was hung in effigy.

The magnitude of the fishing-rights conflict is reflected in a statement made in 1978 by a federal appeals court: "Except for some desegregation cases, the district court has faced the most concerted official and private efforts to frustrate a decree of a federal court witnessed in this century." The State of Washington has since taken its case to the United States Supreme Court, which will rule on several questions before summer 1979.

The issue is also in Congress, which has the power to take away Indian treaty rights. The non-Indian fishers are in the great majority, and congressmen from the Northwest have no choice but to listen. Indians do have allies in Congress, especially from liberal eastern states where constituencies leave their representatives free to vote their consciences on Indian issues. The result is uncertain, but continuing strife is not.

The question of treaty hunting and fishing rights is of national dimensions. The solemn promises made in treaties, especially those dealing with hunting and fishing, are at the core of the Indian way of life. If the treaty rights of one tribe are attacked, other tribes know they may be next.

Water Rights. In the western United States, most water is allocated under the "prior appropriation" doctrine. The doctrine operates on the principle of "first in time, first in right." Suppose, for example, a farmer diverts water from a stream. That farmer is senior, to the extent of the diversion, to anyone who later uses water from the same stream. In times of water shortage, the senior farmer may continue to use the original diversion even though junior users may go dry. The doctrine is the bedrock of western water law and is the primary method of providing an essential degree of certainty in water resource development.

The only important exception to the above principle is the "Winters doctrine," named after a 1908 case, *Winters* v. *United States*. The Fort Belknap Indian Reservation had been established in Montana in 1888, but no water was immediately used by the Indians. In the early 1890s non-Indian farmers obtained seemingly valid rights from the Milk River under Montana law. The Indians did not begin using Milk River water until 1898. Under Montana law (and the law in virtually all western states), the non-Indian claim was "first in time" and would normally be superior in all respects. The United States Supreme Court, however, fixed the Indians' priority date at 1888, not 1898. The Court's reasoning was that by implication the tribe "reserved" sufficient water when the reservation was established in 1888; otherwise, because of the importance of water in the region, the Indian reservation "would be valueless." Thus, the non-Indian farmers were required to allow sufficient water to flow to the Indian lands.

Indian reserved rights under the Winters doctrine play a front-line role in western water development. An example is the Colorado River, the major source of water in the arid Southwest. The river produces an average of just 16.8 million acre-feet per year. The states of Arizona and California have engaged in bitter litigation over Colorado River water for the last half century. California's share is 4.4 million acre-feet per year, while Arizona is entitled to 2.8 million acre-feet. The Supreme Court has found that five relatively small tribes along the Colorado River have, among them, rights to 1.0 million acre-feet per year. By any standard, that is a big share of a precious resource. Tribes on such western rivers as the Missouri, Columbia, Bighorn, Wind, and Truckee are in similar positions.

States, irrigators, and other water users argue that Indian rights under the Winters doctrine are unfair. Non-Indian users of water are deprived of rights that they had always reasonably assumed to be theirs under state law—and without water their land, too, may become "valueless." The tribes counter that their reservations can never be productive without the reserved rights long recognized under federal law. Furthermore, Indian water development has been both retarded and undermined by federal action. Indian irrigation projects have been chronically underfunded. Even worse, billions of federal dollars have been spent to build non-Indian water projects that often take water to which Indians are entitled under the Winters doctrine. As the *Final Report* of the prestigious National Water Commission concluded: "In the history of the United States Government's treatment of Indian tribes, its failure to protect Indian water rights for use on the Reservations it set aside for them is one of the sorrier chapters."

Forces seem to be moving inexorably toward an "Indian water war" that may well prove to be every bit as ugly as the "Indian fish war." Wisdom on all sides is desperately needed. The ultimate resolution will have a crucial impact on the quality of life on the reservations.

These seven areas, then, are likely to be the fronts that Indians will be forced to defend during the next decade and for many more to come. The tribes can perhaps afford minor setbacks, but serious losses on any of these issues would be devastating. The foundations of the reservation system are at stake. Without that system, American Indians will be left without the tools to preserve their culture.

The ultimate question, then, is whether the islands should be preserved.

ANY CURTAILMENT of special Indian rights must be considered in a historical and legal context. Most Indian rights are based on promises made in treaties, agreements, and federal statutes. The Supreme Court made it clear in *Lone Wolf* v. *Hitchcock* in 1903 that Congress has the power unilaterally to break Indian treaties. It cannot be seriously questioned that the *Lone Wolf* rule is the law today and that it will remain the law. International treaties can be broken, and it is unlikely that Indian treaties would be placed on a higher plane.

But it is also true that treaties and other national obligations to Indians should be broken only in the most extreme circumstances. Courts for two hundred years have emphasized that these promises are "solemn" and "sacred," and that they represent the "word of the nation." As Jus-

tice Hugo Black put it once, "Great nations, like great men, should keep their word."

The United States, then, should move against the reservation system with the greatest reluctance. But the power is there, and some still ask why Indians should continue to have special rights.

Typically, progressive policies toward Indians have been justified on the basis of history and general notions of morality. Nineteenth-century tragedies such as the Cherokee Trail of Tears, the Long March of the Navajos, and the Wounded Knee Massacre have all received widespread popular treatment during the last decade. The reasoning in support of the history-based justification is that we owe a debt to Indians because of these and many more past inequities. This historical "debt" and the idea that "Indians were here first" have created a sense of obligation to Indians.

The history-based analysis is compelling and relevant, but it fails to provide a full justification for modern policy. This approach ignores the fact that, viewed fairly, United States' policy toward Indians has been far more humane than other nations' treatment of their aboriginal people. Our Indian policy has often been proved wrong, but it has achieved some modest successes. The FDR years and the 1970s are the best examples.

Furthermore, justifying modern policy only on past wrongs is backward-looking and condescending. A governmental course of conduct should be able to stand on pragmatic current concerns, not past injustices. Thus, continuation of the reservation system should be evaluated in terms of the system's validity in today's world. The crucial question should be whether the culture now on the reservations is valuable enough to warrant the subsidies, economic and non-economic, necessary to sustain it.

Indian culture on the islands is different. That uniqueness is real and not based on romantic historical stereotypes. Life moves at a different pace on the reservation because of the character of the people living there. Indians tend not to push others. Their humor has a light touch—the goal is to tease but not to deprecate. Indians are less competitive and judgmental. Many Indian children in white schools have been called "stupid" because they don't raise their hands in class. In fact, those students are simply showing respect for others by not seeking to outshine them.

There are other fundamental differences. The Indian family is much larger. A cousin is a "brother" or "sister." Grandparents still raise many grandchildren. Aunts and uncles are often thought of as parents. The extended family requires different kinds of energies and duties, and if it is to work it takes time, devotion, and attention.

And, yes, Indians do have a special feel for the earth and its animals. So much has been written on this subject that more is not needed here. Suffice it to say that reservation Indians relate to nature in a unique and vital way—as hunters, fishers, mystics, cooks, priests, businesspersons, and biologists—for their culture is deeply rooted in the land.

The Indian seeks a harmony with all of life. This often means that other values interfere with strict time-clock regularity. The Indian's measured pace permits a careful tending of many different concerns—nature, family, friends, self. The result is a duty every bit as demanding as the non-Indian's, but it is a duty to a very different master. Regimentation is foreign, but depth and range of contacts are not.

The point is not that Indian culture should be preserved because it is somehow superior. Rather, Indian culture should be preserved because it is different. This country, with its gray that presses in on us daily, desperately needs differentness. It is the off-shade threads that enrich the fabric of our society and give it depth and beauty. We need Indians and their culture because they offer us worthwhile alternatives.

The reservation system is essential to the preservation of Indian culture. Termination of the reservation system has been tried in many forms, but it has never worked because Indians will not permit it to work. The cultures of Jews, Italians, Blacks, Chicanos, Orientals, and others have all survived in the cities. Indians in the cities have sometimes made it as individuals but not as a culture. The pace is too frenzied, the contacts too superficial, and the space too tight. Indian culture has not survived in the cities because Indians are separatists. Indians are island people.

We should continue to preserve the islands. Such a course is inconvenient and even mildly expensive. But the options are worse. Termination of the reservation system would terminate something inside the Indian people. Worse yet, it would terminate values and ideals that should be available to the rest of society. If we ever close out the differentness on the islands, we will have closed out something in Indians and in ourselves. **AW**

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Charles F. Wilkinson *is a law professor at the University of Oregon who has written widely on Indian law, treaties, and legal history. From 1971 through 1975, he was a staff attorney with the Native American Rights Fund in Boulder, Colorado. During that time he was counsel to the Menominee Tribe of Wisconsin during the passage of the Menominee Restoration Act of 1973, and was also chief counsel in several successful major cases involving tribal land disputes and Indian education. He has also represented the Siletz Tribe of Oregon concerning the recently enacted Siletz Restoration Act.*

WALKER

(Continued from page 45)

around him. "No *anke* [shoot]. *Usumati* plenty big, mean. *Kutca*, *yatci*, no *yena-ni* [bow and arrow could not kill him]. Eenjun, *usumati* eat same thing. Plenty for Eenjun, plenty for *usumati*. Eenjun wait, *usumati uwu* [bear ate first].

"Alleni-k [white man], he come. Eenjun hear BIG Alleni-k come *hisum*, looong, long way, mebbeso *luti*, *otiko*, *tolokou*, *oyisa*, *kôme* [an important white man was coming from the mountains and from so far away it had taken one, two, three or four moons to get here]. He know other kind Eenjun, looong way away [Plains Indian]. Walker, *sake-t* [friend] go Jackson [now in Amador County], see BIG *Alleni-k*. He gone. Walker follow, see. Find on other *wakalu* [probably the American River], *tenoka Alleni-k* [with six other white men]. Walker, he shake hands BIG *Alleni-k*. No big." Walker held out his hand. "Little pella, say 'how.' He no make talk. Carry plenty BIG gun. BIG *Alleni-k* say name 'Keet Carsohn.' Say Eenjun friend. Kill only bad Eenjun, looong way away."

As the night wore on, Walker lapsed almost entirely into the Penutian tongue. He talked slowly, eyes half-closed and fixed on the lantern. He filled and smoked his pipe. Often he said "Keet Carsohn." (Marshal did not know who Kit Carson was until many years later.) The rain beat hypnotically against the cabin, and the Frenchman was held by the compelling presence and insistent voice of the old Indian. Now and then Mary came in and poked at the fireplace. Marshal finally dozed. He awakened suddenly when Walker stopped talking. Walker still stared at the lantern, but it was light now in the cabin, and the rain had stopped.

The old Indian spoke again, now in English: "Eenjun, he live with big bear. No can live with white man." He leaned forward and placed a sticklike finger on the turbaned, yellow-robed, quaffing, and ambulatory figure on the Hills Brothers coffee can.

"Mebbeso white man's God," he said. "Mebbeso white man and God in can. No can see Eenjun. Eenjun, he no in can. See. Hear. Feel. White man make own world. Plenty people. Plenty *tookoolooloo*, plenty noise. Cut down tree. Bear, deer, bird, he go. Bimeby white man hide from own world. No good, white man's world. Kill Eenjun. Bimeby kill white man, too."

His voice was free of the elegiac tone. It was as if he were through, as if he had said and done what he could, and having said it, held no hope that his chosen vessel could amplify and intensify his story into an enduring oral tradition. He kept his eyes on the wobbly flame. Presently he said, "*Hiema*, he come."

Marshal got up from the table. He took his hat and coat and stepped outside. He was cyanotically groggy, and he felt as if he had been encapsulated in a pendulum that had swung relentlessly back and forth in time. He knew that he had been charged with a great responsibility, but he was never sure of what it was. Marshal was a warm and kindly man. But an old Indian who probed the raw material of the human spirit in the lantern-lit isolation of a storm-swept cabin was beyond his comprehension. As he climbed the hill, the sun came up and he heard Walker commence his song. The tree trunks were dark with rain and the wet earth steamed. Birds filled the trees, flying about and singing and shaking down rain droplets that drifted prismatically in the filtered light. The earth seemed cleansed. And below him, Walker's voice rose to the sun.

ONE DAY not long afterwards a squaw-man hurried into the Kenney ranch. He was a superstititious man, and he was badly frightened. Walker, he said, lay dead in his cabin. Knowing the man's abnormal fear of death, Fred Kenney asked, "Did you feel him? Did you look at him closely?"

"Hell no," the man said. "I didn't go *near* him! I walked in and seen him. I got the hell out of there. I yelled through the door. He didn't move. He's dead, all right."

Kenney grabbed some bread and milk and drove up to Walker's cabin. He went inside and called. There was no answer. He walked into the back room. Walker lay on his bed. A blanket was drawn up over his face. Kenney gently turned the blanket down. Walker looked up at him and blinked. Kenney looked at the sunken face and the bone-thin body. "Cook you dinner," he said. He went into the other room and built a fire. Soon the milk was warm. He sliced the bread.

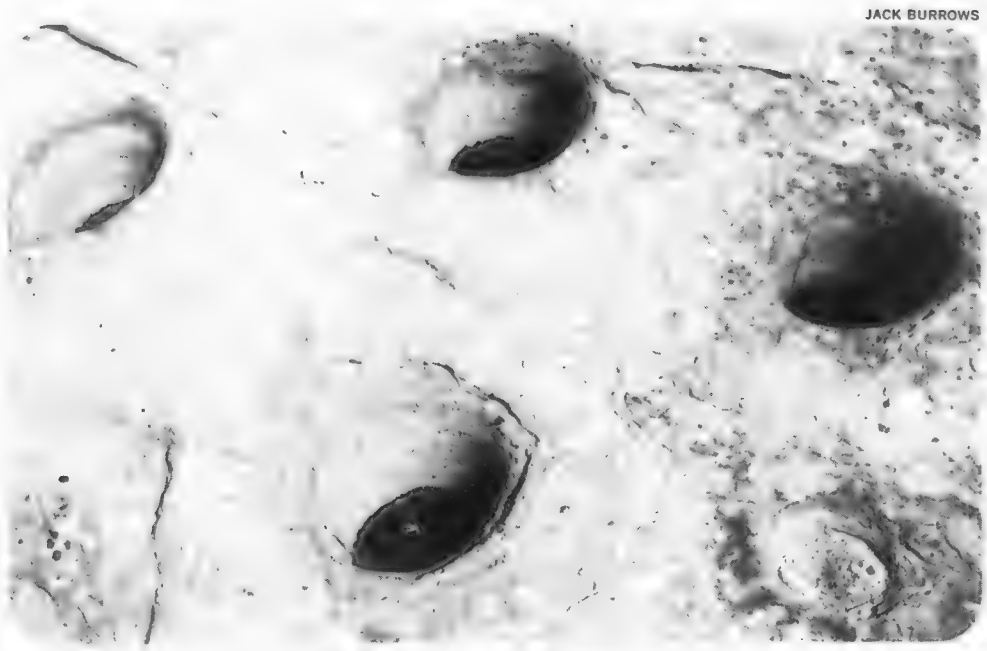
"Dinner ready," he said to Walker. "Eat now." The old Indian turned his head and sniffed, wrinkling his nose.

"No eat now," he said. "Mebbeso bimeby." Kenney left the food and went back to the ranch. He got word to Mary that Walker needed care. That night she and a half-dozen Indians came to the ranch and asked to borrow lanterns. It was raining when they left for Walker's cabin, and Kenney watched the lights bobbing among the trees. They would stay with Walker only a day or so.

Meanwhile, the squaw-man had spread the news of Walker's "death." I am told there was almost audible relief. Somehow Walker's long life had begun to seem unnatural, almost a palpable mockery of other men's mortality. My uncle went up to the cemetery and dug a grave by the trail Walker used when he came to Murphys. When Fred Kenney came to town the next day and told his story, one old man put his fears in perspective: "I knew it," he said. "He ain't gonna die. He's gonna outlive us all."

There are two stories of Walker's real death. One is that he lived more than a year after his reported "death"; the other, only a few weeks. Either way, someone cruelly told him of his "death" and of the grave that had been dug for him. He received the news in anger, at first, then in sorrow. "No good," he is supposed to have muttered. "No good. Walker live fifty year."

One story has it that he went up to his grave and stood looking down and shaking his head. Whether he did or not, it is certain that the thought of an empty grave waiting to receive him depressed the old Indian. It must have seemed to him as if the white man were hurrying him off. Mike Marshal said he did not live long after his reported death.



Walker's mortar basins.

Fred Kenney said he lived one week.

And he died alone. There were no friends to mourn him, no woman left to keen his passing on the hilltop. Only *oletcu*, the coyote, knew and bore his spirit away on his thin, quavering wail.

A doctor went up to examine the body. "What'd he die of, Doc?" an old man asked.

"Malnutrition," the doctor said.

Walker was buried in his grave. He ought to have been buried on his hilltop and the hill declared sacred. A cement pauper's block was placed on his grave, and there he was raised to the posthumous eminence of

Capt. Walker.

I am filled with a sense of anger when I visit his grave. One would not even know he was an Indian. I think he should have a special stone and it should read:

Walker
Native American—Miwok
Age—113
His Life Spanned Two Civilizations and
He was an Understanding Friend to Both
Indian and White

From grizzly bear and a brute order of nature, the historical parabola to the airplane that circled his hill in 1927 covered over a hundred years. Walker's life encompassed it all.

Walker's cabin was torn apart in the late 1960s by antique bottle hunters. Only its impress remains on the hilltop. I go up to the site whenever I can to find and feel the spirit of place. I clean and drink from the spring, reset the stones if they need resetting, and scoop the leaves from the mortar basins on the ledge. If it is quiet and I hear a coyote, I am restored.

I went up to the hilltop this fall, after a particularly refreshing rain. The oaks were colored and beautiful, but there are houses now, hidden among the trees at the base of Walker's hill, and there are For Sale signs nailed high on the trunks of pine trees. The spring is now a reedy sump, and a long, rusty pipe thrust into the earth sucks the water and trickles into a steel trough. The digger pines and live oaks are gone. I do not drink the water. I look up to the ridge and see houses northeast of Bald Mountain. I walk over to the hillside and drop down to the ledge. The rain has washed out the leaves, and the mortar basins are filled with clear water. I brush my hand across the largest of these, and it wrinkles into Walker's old face. That is as close as I can get to him. I sit for a long time on the sheltered ledge, brushing at the water in the basins, watching Walker's face come and go. But there is no continuity from the mirrored depths, the spirit of Walker vanishes with the settling of the water. I hear only the sounds of construction below me, and I suddenly notice there are no birds. I walk back to where the cabin stood, and I remember what Walker once told Adeline Squellati: "When you come sometime you no see me, but I be here alla same. I be here if you no see me."

I look down at the creeping houses and up at the gabled skyline. Suddenly a squad of motorcyclists pop over the ridge and come swarming and screaming down the hillside. They cut across the swale by the spring, tearing and wheeling down through the pine grove. I notice, in their wake, that many of the pines have begun to die. And in the numbing void left by their shattering, inhuman noise, I cannot feel Walker, I cannot see him. I remember only his prophecy, made that stormy night to a bewildered young Frenchman on the spot where I now stand:

"White man make own world. Plenty people. Plenty *tookoolooloo*, plenty noise. Bear, deer, bird, he go. Cut down trees. Bimeby white man hide from own world. No good, white man's world. Mebbeso white man and God in can."

AW

Jack Burrows, *who teaches Indian history and culture at San Jose Community College, was raised among Miwok Indians. He learned the language from them and later studied the Penutian tongue at the University of California and Stanford. The story of Walker developed from his conviction that Walker was as important as the famed Black Elk, who was not even born until Walker was fifty years old.*

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